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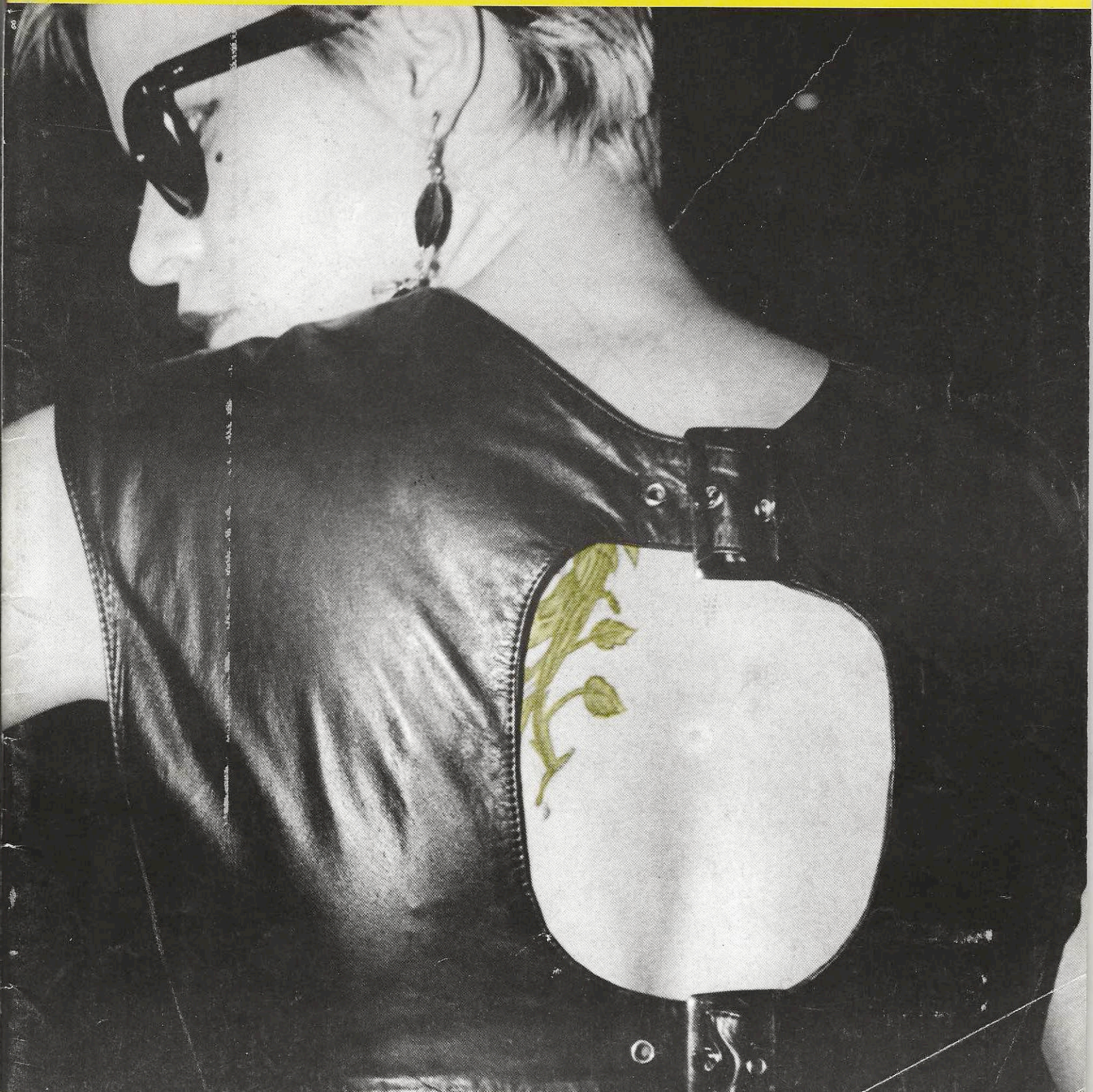

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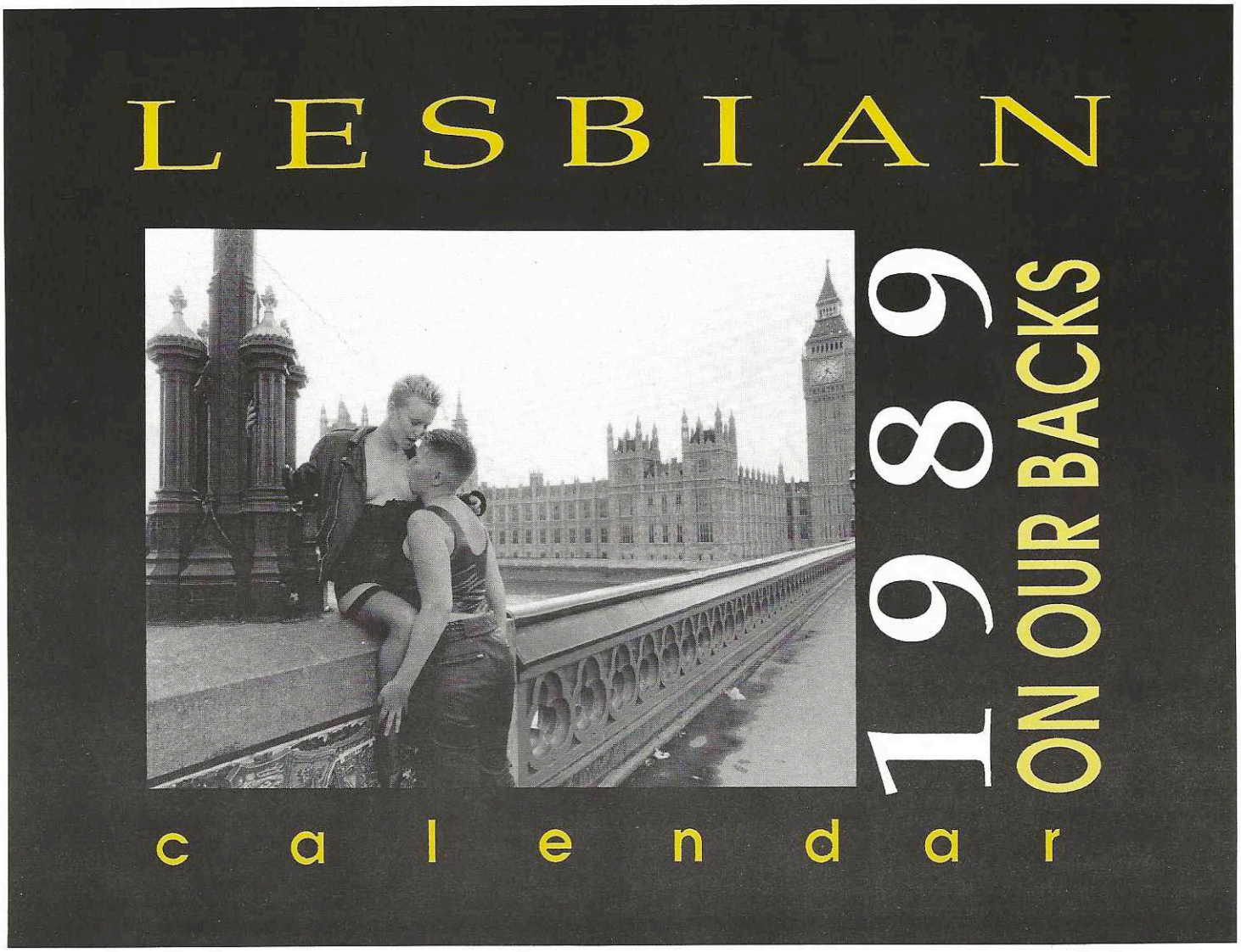

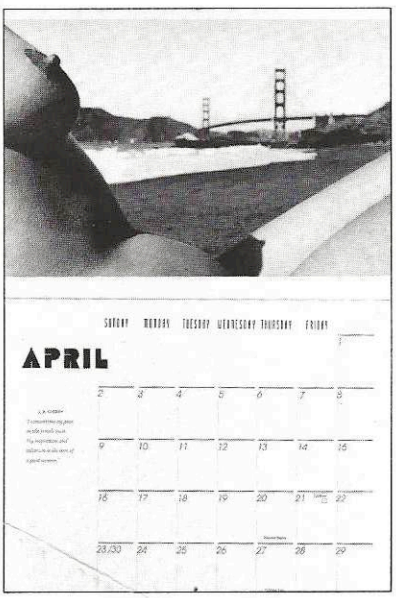

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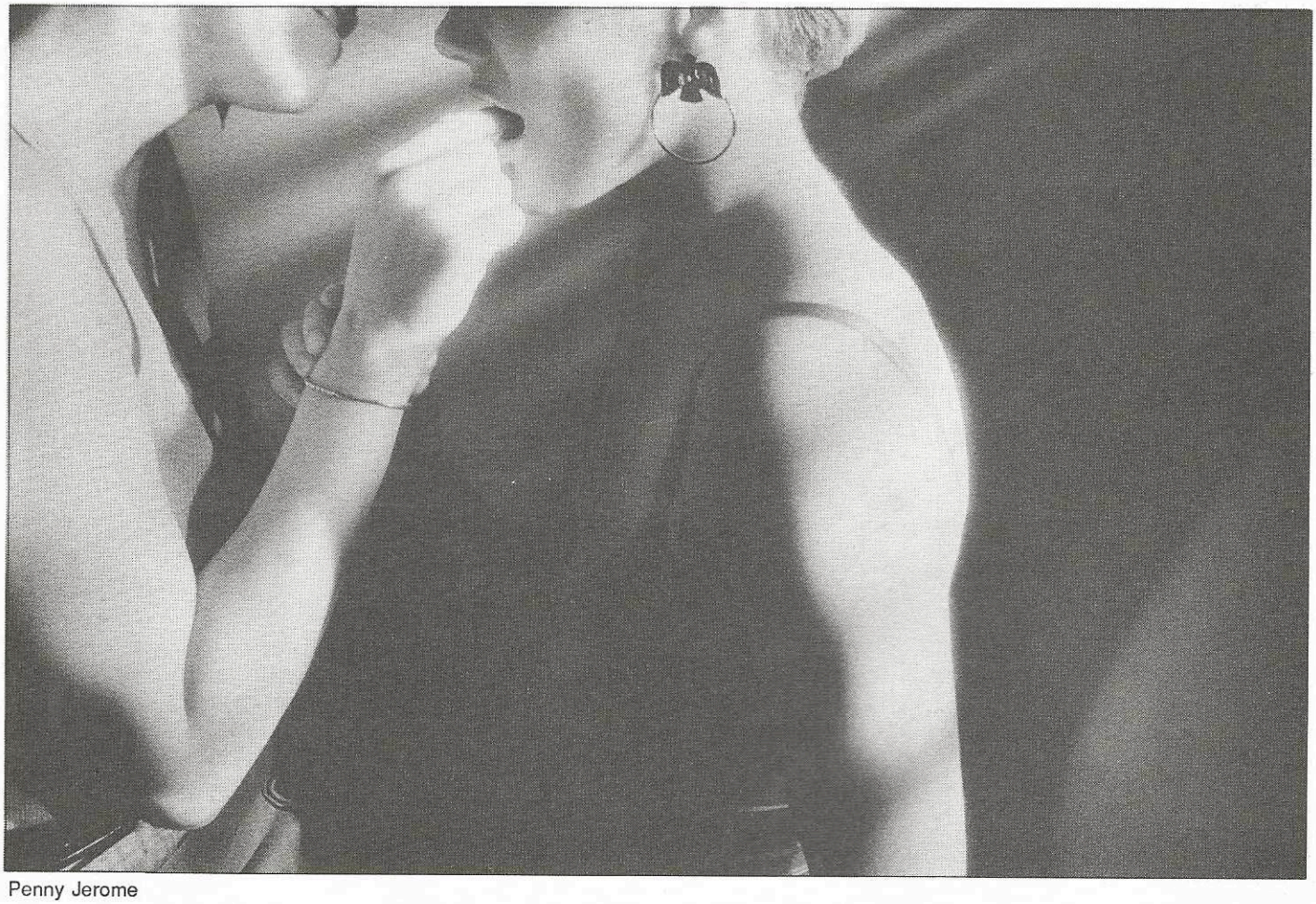

Penny Jerome

COLUMNS

3 **Letters to the Editor**
6 **Toys For Us** . . . Susie Bright
Invaders from Girl World
9 **Fantasies** . . . Lizabeth May
The Rockinghorse
11 **Sexpoint** . . . Nikki Vilna Feist
Radical Femme-ists
13 **Sextracts** . . . Maryhope Tobin
Lesbian News from All Over

FICTION

20 **The Minister's Wife** . . . Laurie Ubell
The bible was no defense
28 **Cinema Verite** . . . minns
"Relax, little butch, I've seen this movie before"
30 **Donna 15** . . . Mickey Warnock
A lesbian plumber makes her rounds

FEATURES

18 **Public Sex** . . . Bet Power
In the park , on the roof, inside a phone booth and outrageously everywhere
35 **Reviews / Books & Videos**

PICTURES

14 **The 1989 On Our Backs Erotic Photo Awards** . . .
Jackie Cherry and Kathy Petrere
23 **Miki and Ruby** . . . Jill Posener
Our favorite cover models are back !
32 **Muscling In** . . . Grace Lau
Dust off the Bev Francis fantasies

46 **Contributors' Notes**
47 **Classifieds**

Cover: Shari Cohen
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I enjoyed the article on Kitty Tsui (Summer 88) - what an incredible woman and a great performer! How about more on other body builders, especially my favorite, Kathleen Gage, Silver medalist Heavyweight Division, Gay Games II?

Along the same lines, are you aware of the growing following of women's submissive wrestling in the U.S.A.? Strong women are becoming cult figures in the D.C. area where we have our own wrestling team, Blue Moon and Roses. San Francisco also has a great team called Cat Tails which has traveled across the country doing videos and exhibitions. Their greatest asset is Lena, a Gay Games II physique medalist. I would love to see any of these women in future issues.
W. Bryant
Maryland

Though I support your right to publish, I just don't feel comfortable with the leather and S&M stuff being sold in my bookstore that supports animal rights and non-violence. So I think for now I'll discontinue receiving On Our Backs.
Betty Granda
Manager, The Bookstore
Springfield, IL

I heard Susie Bright speak last night and it made me realize that I ought to try harder to educate some of my more closed-minded friends. I'm not very good at conversation, so I usually try to hand them a copy of *On Our Backs*. But when they see naked bodies they freak out and don't want to read the columns.

Clips is also great! I loved the music and breathing and video effects in the first scene, and my friends really liked the second scene, but the third scene was the best. I rarely have the treat of being shocked like that. I was blown away by this interesting, funny and erotic piece of video. Susie said she was interested in what we did after her show. Well, my ex and I - yes, we fucked. Keep up the good work.
Carolyn
Wakefield, RI

I stumbled upon On *Our Backs* several years ago but I was too chickenshit to purchase it! Then a miracle happened - we got a "progressive" bookstore in Orlando-and I boldly bought *On Our Backs*! Subsequently, our bookstore proprietors were run out of town on a rail by right-wing asssholes. Was I bummed or what? In my travels to the big cities, I picked up my *On Our Backs* "fix" in Miami, Atlanta, anywhere I could find it! I've whined about this soooo much that my lover rolled up the juicy Summer 88 issue and whacked me a few times and suggested that I subscribe! So I am. Many thanks for keeping me hot, sticky and sweet.
R. T.
Orlando, FL

PHOTO: PROCHAZKA / DEAULON

I care very little whether or not Madonna is really getting it on with Sandra Bernhard. What impresses me is that she thinks the possibility that she is a dyke will appeal to her audience. Is this a hint that being a dyke is finally becoming trendy? If so, I look forward to seeing swarms of teenage WannaMadonnaBees walking through the malls holding hands and carrying *On Our Backs*.
Alecia
Los Angeles

I enjoyed your Summer 88 issue, especially the "Spit and Polish" pictorial. My fingers flew to my crotch as I gazed on those thrilling and exciting photos. I have had a fetish for dainty female feet, shoes and especially boots as long as I can remember. Foot, shoe and boot worshipping have always been a big part of my sessions, whether I was a top or bottom. Lately, my favorite position in my most prevailing fantasy is me, nude, on my hands and knees, nipples severely clamped and my tongue caressing the smooth leather of my top's booted foot. Of course my attention isn't confined to below the ankle but it is a big part of the scene for me. Please, more photos and stories with footplay between lovers.
Barbie
Las Vegas

I recently picked up the Spring 88 issue and was fascinated by the feature on fisting. In fact, fisting and unusually hairy women are two things that are hot with me and a major reason why I am a fan of European magazines. Most American magazines today are too "high gloss" and weak for me.
J. Goodman
Long Beach, CA

Like every other woman in the audience of the Boston premiere of *Clips*, I

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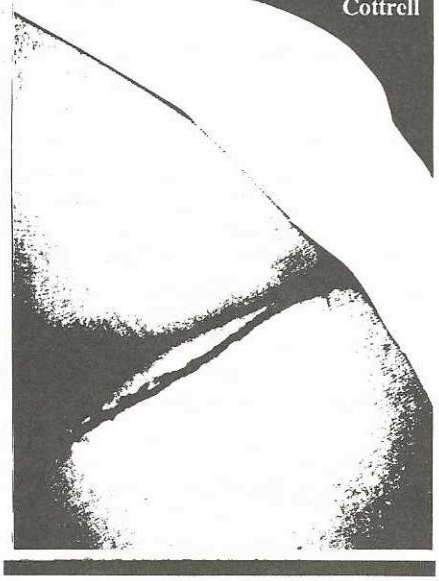

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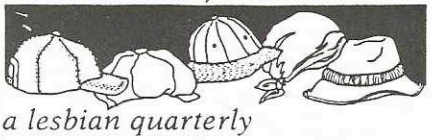

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left the hall with nothing but the image of that open pussy and gushing G-spot. My friend and I then sauntered over to Harvard Square and for the first time talked about the specifics of some of our sexual likes and dislikes, and the adventurous things we had tried with lovers in the past.

Last night I realized how good Clits , I mean, Clips had made me feel about being a woman and having a cunt, and being able to play with myself or have someone else play with me with no holds barred.

I woke up Sunday feeling just as super-charged and empowered as I had the night before, and went for women-only nude swimming at my local health club.

After the swim I was lying in the steam room, a sultry setting even when one is not horny and still obsessed with images of wide open vaginas and beautiful women taking their pleasure into their own hands. A very lovely black woman whom I had once been introduced to entered. I lay there drowsily watching her incredibly shapely body as the steam rose and cleared, occasionally allowing me to focus on the damp curl of pubic hair that showed from behind when she leaned over, and on the creamy color of her storybook breasts. I thank all of the women who decided to let us steam alone, and your presentation and video that re-activated my fantasy life!

I also found that everyone, male, female, straight or gay whom I described *Clips* to was enraptured and engorged! Thanks for a wonderful energization!

Linda
Allston, MA

My lover and I have been avid Voyeurs of your magazine since we discovered it six months ago. We've aquired most of the back issues through arduous search in our local gay bookstore in New York. Having recently
relocated to San Francisco we attended a screening of *Clips* and the *Dyke-u-mentary*.

Being outrageous and oversexed S/M dykes from the East Coast, we are puzzled by some content in your magazines, and most recently in your film. We don't get it? What's the deal with women "portraying" themselves as equipped with penises. We can't figure out how this could be erotic to a woman-identified-woman. If they wanted a dick, why are they with a woman wearing a dildo and not a man? Don't misunderstand us; we're heavily into penetration (fisting for two), but this whole life-like dildo market is baffling to us. Any explanations? We aren't judgemental, just confused. Where is the mindset for the taker and the taken? We'd really like to know.

On another note, we truly enjoyed the scarf scene in *Clips*, and will probably try it out this week. Nancy won't let me put it off and longer, she's too curious.

We'd love to send you fisting photos of us, since it seems our abilities are rare. Nancy also has quite dextrous toes that find themselves in the most cozy of circumstances. However, managing a camera at a time like that is often awkward if not impossible. Any suggestions? Thanx for the inspirations.

Daralee and Nancy
Birmingham, AL

Ed. note;

The difference between a lesbian with a dildoe and a straight man? Assuming you're not pulling our leg, let's try a few reasons why lesbians fuck using a dildoe: Lesbians like being penetrated, or like penetrating another woman; like most other people, lesbians have gender fantasies that include not just female-female, but female-male and male-male. Some butches, and some femmes, too, like to pretend they have a dick when they're being sexual. Some "real" men like to pretend they don't. Who cares as long as we have fun and get off. Genderfucking is highly erotic to many lesbians - and it won't bleed over into our non-sexual lives and destroy our lesbian identities, or the lesbian nation.

I have every issue of *On Our Backs* so far, having received the first one as a tip while bartending. I must say that I don't always like or agree with everything in your magazine but that's what makes it so nice. Some of my P.C. friends are appalled by it which delights me even further. My favorite part of *On Our Backs* is Susie Bright's column. Keep up the good work.

D. Mingo
Missouri

I saw your magazine for the first time recently and wondered what all the fuss was about. The fiction, while appealing, did little more than hint at real dominance. There's so much sexual intimidation these days that people are afraid to write or photograph really hot B/D.

In 1984 in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Schwartz and Masters reported that forced sex was the most common sex fantasy among lesbian women and second among hetero women. Fifth among gay women was "sadistic imagery." Worrying that dominant erotica will result in abuse of women is like worrying that a pirate movie will result in masses of people running off to the South Seas to become brigands. (On the other hand, if I ever do find myself on a pirate ship, I hope it's with Susie Bright.)

Why not a photo/story piece on a butch "educating" a pseudo-straight bank V.P. in the joys of lesbian S/M sex. The kind of scenes most of us act out in our bedrooms are far more daring than your fiction.

I also wish that someone would understand that nudity by itself is not nearly as appealling as when it is preceded by pictures of the person fully dressed. At least half the fun is showing stripping, or better yet, being stripped. Anticipation! Build up! We've been complaining about this with male porn for years.

I'm eager to see more, But Be Bold!

S.U.
Baltimore, MD

I have read and enjoyed *On Our Backs* for some time, however, I see a time approaching when I will no longer be interested in this magazine or its contents. Let me add at this point that I am not a seperatist. This is a different issue. This is an issue of taste and manners.

On Our Backs is a lesbian magazine - "Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian," according to the cover. In case anyone misses the phrase, it is clearly repeated at the top of the first page. Why then are there so many bisexual personal ads?

On Our Backs is based on lesbian lives

(Continued on page 45)

INVADERS FROM GIRL WORLD

PHOTO: JILL POSENER

Susie Sexpert Reports: Maybe things have changed since Madonna started gracing NYC dyke bars, but I really wasn't prepared for the new avant garde lesbianism there. I was in town recently to promote my first book, *Herotica*, and I had my eyes opened—I have ridden the A train and I saw the future.

My first glimpse of a new trend was at a party held at the latest lesbian slumming delight, a basement disco called Girl World that is installed under a slick gay club, The World.

I was being sort of an unlikely wallflower - wearing a short, strapless, red rubber minidress but seated in the dark next to a table of my books.

One of my chaperones, Liz, grabbed me out of my doldrums. "You've got to meet my friend Jeep—I begged her to come here and meet you."

One look at Jeep and I could tell that she had to be begged to do anything—she was dressed in full leather topboy drag: jeans, studded jacket, motorcycle boots, Brando/cop hat.

I had seen Jeep once before, on television. She had appeared on the Phil Donahue Show about three months earlier wearing a completely different disguise. She was part of a panel with my idol, Betty Dodson (the female masturbation guru) discussing the joys of jerking off. I had never seen a meaner Donahue audience in my entire life. Even though Jeep, Betty, and two others were dressed like squares and spoke perfectly politely about masturbation's, this crowd would have treated an ax murderer with more sympathy. Besides tearing apart masturbation as the original fountain of evil, several in the studio particularly clawed into Jeep, who had to sit through such accusations as "you must have to masturbate because you can't get a man." At that last comment, I got so riled I dialed Betty's number in New York. "I'm watching 'Apocalypse Now'," I said and she knew exactly what I meant. "You are all so dignified and brave in front of these cross-burners."

"That's because I started having an out-of-body experience about halfway through the show," Betty said.

"Is that why you just smiled and said 'Yes, isn't it wonderful?' when one of them demanded to know if you were charging people to attend masturbation orgies?"

"But really Betty, who is that beautiful girl on the right—please tell me she's gay."

Betty confirmed my television mindreading and threw in a few gossipy details about Jeep that I couldn't possibly reprint here.

So here she was, the famous Jeep, at Girl World, looking like she could put tit clamps on the whole Donahue Show and leave them screaming for more. I introduced myself and said how much I admired her guts on National T.V.

She put her hand on my sweaty latex thigh. "I want to know everything about you."

WHAT? Why does my mind go blank at lines like that? I waved my hand at the pile of *Heroticas* on the table. "This is my life," I said, thinking, "Jesus I sound like Mother Theresa."

Jeep was not about to put up with my noble gestures.

"I have a present for you," she said, and pulled off her leather cap, reaching into the crown. She pulled out something blue and then slipped it into my palm. I clenched it and felt the foil edges. It was a Trojan. I uncurled my hand to verify that this was indeed the slickest cruising trick I'd ever seen in a lesbian bar—slip a girl a condom. Talk about saving lengthy explanations. I was impressed—and embarrassed. Underneath my red latex exterior lay the finesse of an unreconstructed California hippie. I'm used to people offering backrubs, not condoms. Of course, now I know exactly what I should have said. I should have looked her straight in her green eyes and said "Just how big is it?"

But Jeep was way ahead of me. "I have something else for you—a little performance," she announced.

Right here, right now? She stood up in front of me. The D.J. turned the record over. Jeep stepped back and held my eyes like we had a wire connecting our gaze. Then she began to strip. Oh, it was definitely a strip tease—she tossed her hat to one side and took her sweet time easing off her jacket. She had a harness on underneath. She was moving all slow and sexy like, "this is just for you, but I know that everyone is watching."

Everyone was. I'm so glad that it was dark and smoky so that no one could see my face. I had just enough presence of mind to push the few drunken clods out of the way who dared to cross our

private stage.

Jeep didn't reveal anymore skin. She took my hand and pulled me to the center of the floor. The difference in our height must have overwhelmed her, but she didn't show it. I must be a foot taller, or, as my friend Sherry says, "You're so lucky, most girls are either level to your crotch or your tits."

I thought we danced real well together considering the spectacle. Heaven knows what she might have pulled out of her pocket next if I hadn't been interrupted by two friends I hadn't seen in five years who pulled me out of the spell with a big bear hug.

"Jeep, it's too crazy with all the guests to pay as much attention to you as I want. Give me your number." I handed her a pen and the condom. She scibbled right inside the indented circle. Why can't these things be printed up like business cards?

The next night, I was being interviewed by an out-of-town lesbian journalist. She seemed ideologically supportive but personally disappointed and unsatisfied by both *Herotica* and *On Our Backs*. At one point, she asked, "In your summer issue you have a story by Joan Nestle where a woman asks to suck her woman lover's cock. How do you explain that?"

Oh dear, this was the feminist version of the "why is the sky blue?" question. I usually have a big reassuring rap to respond to this, but I was so tired. I picked up Jeep's condom that sat on my hotel nightstand.

"Why? Because some *lesbians* like to suck cock. That's really the most honest answer I can give you."

Things went downhill from there. When she was about to leave, I felt more guilty for not giving her a better interview. "What do you really think?" I asked her. "Are you really exasperated with *On Our Backs* and the whole lesbian sex media?"

"No, it's not that I don't appreciate your work—it's just that—well, when I wanted to get turned on, I don't read lesbian stuff anyway. I buy gay men's porn."

BOING! Thank you for clearing up an hour long misunderstanding. I should always remember this, on or off the Phil Donahue SHow, San Francisco or Manhattan—you can't tell a book by its cover.

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-Debi and Gia,
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ROCKING HORSE

The rocking-horse stood in the corner of the bedroom, its head tossed back as though it were laughing. Cerise sat at the end of the bed, just looking at it. Jo-Ellen had made it for her, spending weeks in the shop. Jo had carved every detail of the horse, from its thick, protruding lips and warm eyes to the sinewy legs. The wooden horse looked so real, Cerise wondered if it were laughing at her.

Jo had given her the horse just before she left, knowing she might be gone a long time. "I don't want you to be lonely while I'm gone," she said. She kissed Cerise softly and said, before disappearing out the door, "Ride it as you would me."

The wooden steed's saddle was of real leather, painstakingly stretched over the horse's back. The curved horn of the saddle wasn't as wide and flat as on a western one, but more rounded and slender. It, too, appeared to have padding beneath the leather. Cerise ran her fingers along the horse's festive red and gold traces, feeling the smooth slickness of the glossy paint in contrast to the naturally finished wood of the horse's flesh. Her hand slid up to the horse's neck, her fingers becoming entwined in the leather thongs that were its mane. *"Ride it as you would me."*

Cerise mounted the horse from the left, as she had been taught. Her legs fit neatly into the sides of the creature. She sat, still recalling Jo's hands on the insides of her thighs in much the same places. Jo must have remembered every inch of her— muscles, sinews, and all— to have formed the horse so perfectly.

Slowly she breathed in the memory of Jo's hands and lips mapping out her curves and shallow places. Cerise began to rock. She soon found she was glad of the padded saddle. The leather became warm with her body heat, and as she rolled back and forth, she felt Jo's presence making its way higher and higher up her legs.

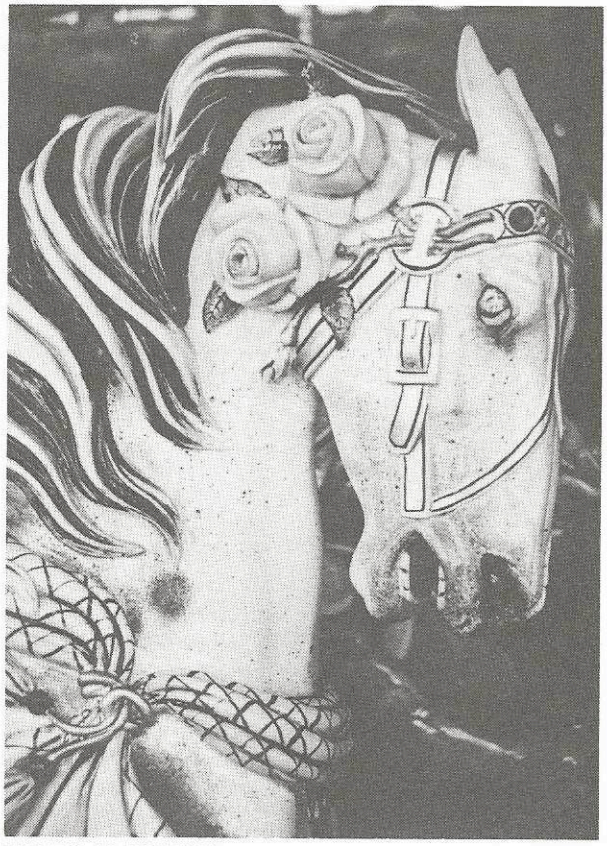

PHOTO: M. BARTON

The warm leather rubbing against her felt like Jo's strong arms. The seat held her buttocks in two wide curves that met in a ridge down the center. Cerise imagined that the ridge was Jo's strong finger, running the length of her from front to back. Jo would have used her hands to cradle her butt, too, squeezing the soft flesh and pressing it to her face.

Rocking faster, Cerise could feel the horse's back ripple beneath her, causing the soft leather to slide forward and back along her cunt. A raw surge went through her hips and she fell over to grasp the leather mane with both hands. She pressed her knees harder into the horse's heaving flanks and rode as fast as she could, galloping faster and faster.

Her first charge of orgasm burst over the horse's spine. Slowing to a walk, Cerise could feel trickles of hot liquid running down the sides of her steed. The smell of the wet leather tantalized her. She began to rock again, quickly, not wanting her ride to end. She wanted speed and energy, sweat and more sweet hot juice from her cunt. She grasped the leather thongs of the horse's tail and whipped its flanks. The tips flicked a shower of sparks along her naked thigh, but she whipped at the horse again, spurring herself onwards. Tightening her knees, she rose up, rubbing her clit on the smooth saddle horn. More wetness poured from her lips as she slid down onto it, slipping her vagina around the horn like a second covering.

Jo's tactile memory had created the perfect size and shape to fill Cerise's cunt. She let out a low moan as the tip of the horn rubbed her already swollen G-spot. Rising up to let the knob move in and out with the rocking of the horse, she felt a tickling softness play over her breasts, teasing her even more. It was the red ostrich plume on the horse's head.

Cerise rode harder and harder, the saddle horn moving rapidly inside her, the saddle itself slapping rhythmically against her bottom. Her nipples passed over the feather again and again. Her cunt's hot juice flowed down the horse's sides like sweat. Cerise bucked, almost falling, her whole torso straining toward the sky and her head thrown back, as Jo would have her, an unconscious imitation of the wooden horse.

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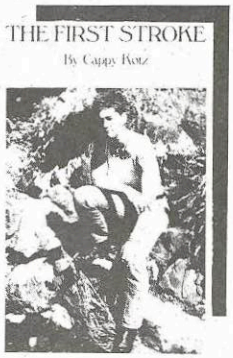

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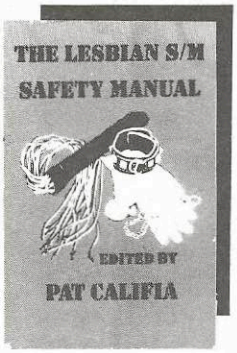

An essential guide for the leather dyke who wants to be well informed about how to play safe and stay healthy. Information on emotional safety, physical safety, first aid, STD's, penetratio and "How to Make It Hurt So Good."
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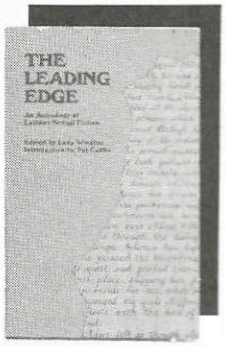

An anthology of erotic fiction written by lesbians for lesbians. A diverse selection of writers, many of them contributors to *On Our Backs*, makes this collection an ideal primer to the world of lesbian erotica.
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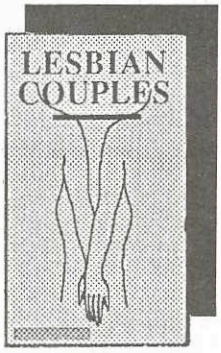

The first guide for lesbians that tackles the pleasures and problems of being half a couple. An eminently useful book, particularly its sections on understanding each other and resolving conflicts.
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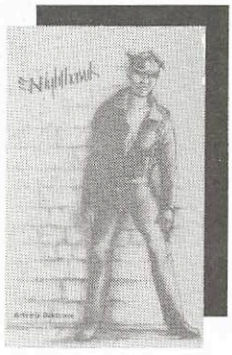
NIGHTHAWK
Artemis Oakgrove



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RADICAL FEMME - ISTS

It is no longer radical to be a boulevard butch. Today, it is radical to be a blatant femme. Today, it is the woman who purrs "of course I'm a dyke" while running three-inch lacquered nails down ones cheek who shocks her sisters.

The new femme style is about sexuality, a sexuality denied for political reasons, which some dykes are now proudly reclaiming. Radical Femme-ists exult in their new found power to subvert traditional messages about women-loving-women-who-look-like-women. Far from embracing misogynist notions, the 80's femmes are modelling their message more after a new reading of "vagina dentada," or "pussy with a bite."

The recent triumph of the Radical Femme-ist is part of the new understanding of butch/femme that has come out of the lesbian sexual renaissance. It also sounds the end of the supposed ideal of androgyny that was widely touted as the lesbian political alternative in the 70's and early 80's.

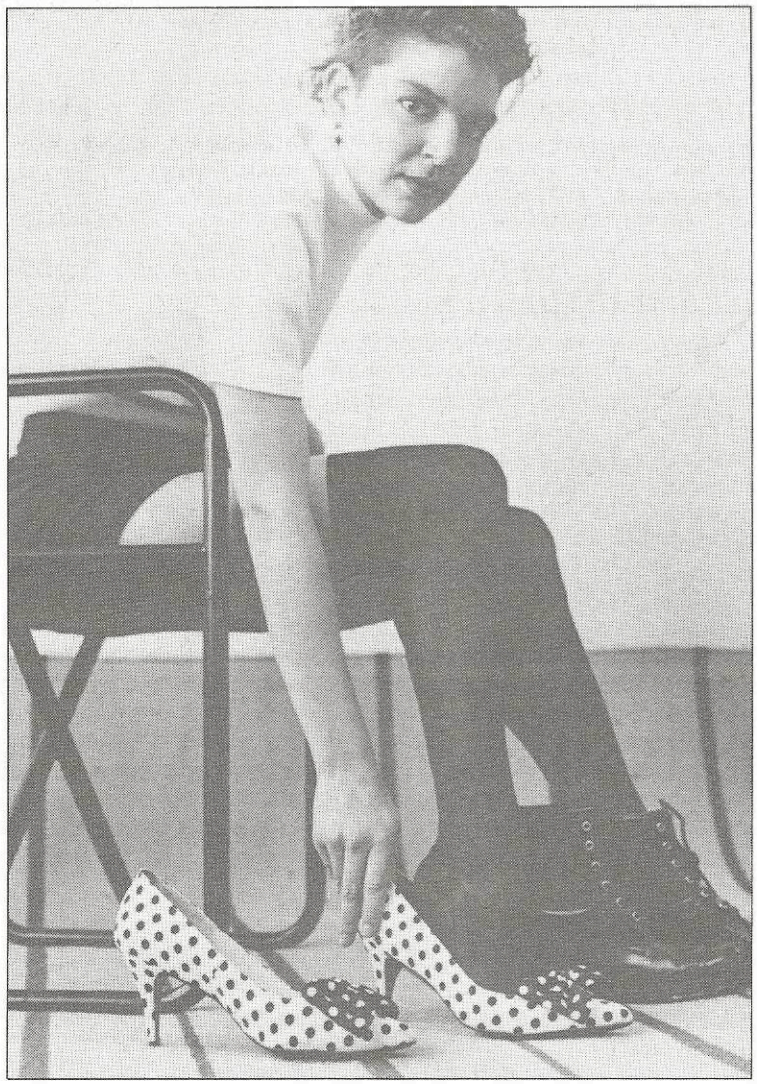

PHOTO: H. L. COTTRELL

Androgynous lesbians have two problems. One, they got the political credit, but no sexual explanation. The New! Improved! Activist Dyke of the feminist second wave sounded so good, but what did you do in bed with it? More importantly ,though, androgyny began to look a hell of a lot like butch. After all, it meshed so well with the flannels and jeans of ladies who said bras were for burning. Androgyny, the supposed lesbian ideal, is butch, but simply not out about it.

A Butch, rather than a feminine approach to androgyny received wide acceptance in the lesbian community because its lesbian feminists were eager to embrace non traditional masculine territory as their own. A strong woman was counterpoised to femininity per se because, amazingly, the notion that femininity was weak was accepted by lesbian women! Femme grew up opposite butch, and we are still applying that same old sexist juxtaposition.

While this is the opposite of a statement most politically correct feminists would make, the acceptance of an extremely butch "androgynous" style belies this. Actions speak louder than words, and in the action of selecting a wardrobe and erotic style, lesbians, to a large extent, have not celebrated the feminine.

But our old sister Femme is sick of moulding in the closet. She's coming out, too , and she's taking a lot of shit for it. I once had a black belt karate instructor who got trashed for wearing high heels. This was a woman who could break bricks with the side of her palm, and lesbian feminists told her she was just asking for it if she wore heels.

The fact that my femmy karate teacher was a black belt points out that femme is a metaphor in transition. It used to be radical to be butch. In the pre-feminist era, the status quo for women was femininity, and butches challenged that. Today, butch, whatever it calls itself, is the lesbian status quo. When lesbian feminists dish the New 80's Femme, it's because they're scared of the perceived notion of femininity as weakness, as a lack of independence.

But for Radical Femme-ists, the revolution is now. And because we did create a movement and community since 70's gay liberation, it is the mores of lesbian, and not straight, society which are important to lesbians displaying their erotic identity.

"Femmey-looking" dykes are often labelled apolitical, or even, perish the thought, Politically Incorrect. But it is these women who reclaim the unquestionably female styles, cleavage and tight pants or short skirts as sexy, as exciting, as worthy of attention and desire.

Femmes borrow from popular culture in adapting some mainstream feminine messages about sexual desire. But femmes subvert these messages by aiming them at other women. In doing so, they make straight society do a double-take. They are "hot babes," but they are hot for other babes.

We don't have to protect heterosexual sensibilities any longer. What's more, we can look our own misogyny square in the face and get rid of it. We have been saying women are strong for years. Now we can shed the qualifier "as long as they don't look like girls."

Women are strong. Say it. And slap on some Revlon Wet 'n' Wild if you feel like it. Cherry red is my favorite color.

Attention: Lesbian journalists and erotic fiction writers

I NEED YOUR SUBMISSION

This could be your manuscript.

Give Susie Bright, editor of

On Our Backs, a thrill!

Annie Sprinkle

WHO WE ARE

On Our Backs , the entertainment magazine for the adventurous lesbian, is going bi-monthly with our first issue of 1989. We need your contribution to make our new six issues a year more excitng and readable than ever. On Our Backs has a national circulation of 10,000 readers, and a small international distribution as well. The quality and popularity of our magazine is in great part due to our contributors. We welcome unsolicted manuscripts and illustrations from interested writers and artists. If a submission is accepted for publication, the contributor will receive a notice and contract agreement within 8 weeks. The contract will offer a cash payment and two complimentary copies of the issue in which the accepted material appears. Submissions that are rejected will receive a notice, and if an SASE has been included, their material will be returned.

WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR

Non-Fiction Features: *On Our Backs* runs one to two features per issue relating to any erotic, sexual, health or lifestyle of lesbians. Includes: interviews, investigative research, commentary, news reports, etc. Submissions should run 2000–5000 words.

Non-Fiction Commentary: *On Our Backs* runs a regular column called *Sexpoint*, which explores contemporary issues of lesbian sexuality and lifestyle. We are especially interested in developing regular contributors for this column. Submissions should be under 1300–2000 words.

Erotic Fiction: *On Our Backs* runs four fiction pieces per issue. Fiction should run 2000–3000 words, except for *Fantasies*, which are 1500–5000 words. Any sexual/erotic persuasion is up for consideration.

Lesbian Sex News Items: Every *On Our Backs* issue features the *Sextracts* column, an overview of current lesbian sex news, from around the world. Social events, political hullabaloos, and cultural sensations are all fit to print. Submissions should run 100–250 words.

Do not send your only copy of your manuscript; *On Our Backs* will not be responsible for unreturned material. Manuscripts should be typed, double spaced, with author's name, address and phone number on each page. Computer discs encouraged. Include with your submission a cover letter that includes a brief autobiography. Please indicate if the contribution has been published anyplace else, or whether it has been submitted elsewhere.

Send manuscripts to:
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526 Castro
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Jacki Randall

"the porn industry is a union for rapists..."

ANDREA DWORKIN LOVES ON OUR BACKS!

Seen last month in a Las Vegas motel watching World Federation Wrestling with Elvis Presley, Andrea Dworkin admitted to enjoying On Our Backs magazine immensely, "especially those really neat ads in the back."

Now that we've got your attention: In a recent interview with *MATRIX*, fundamentalist feminist Andrea Dworkin explained the direct link between fascism in this country and pornography, and for the first time on record gave her opinion of *On Our Backs*.

Her verdict? *On Our Backs* is a reactionary, "woman-hating" magazine which has attacked her and other women politically in "the most woman-hating ways." She also concludes that the porn industry is a union for rapists and that women who accept pornography accept the rape of women. Incidentally, Dworkin never mentions *love* in her ravings about feminism, sex, and the oppression of women, but she does mention *hate* quite often. Conversely, *On Our Backs* loves women, sex, women having sex, women taking charge, demanding what they want and getting it.

ARE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR LESBIANISM?

Just when you had figured out that the girl next door getting undressed in the window was causing that tickle between your thighs, a **United Nations** report on the problems of "sexual minorities" has decided that it's those pesky men!

"It is likely that the assertion of a purported male supremacy has had a deeply disturbing effect on many women, and that there would be fewer lesbians if men were able to be more affectionate, more attentive and more tactful," said the report. Once again, feminism has been confused with lesbianism. Men could sing women's music from the rooftops, but that won't keep us from doing what comes naturally!

MS. LEATHER IN MICHIGAN?

That's right, everyone, the venerable Michigan Women's Music Festival has chosen its first **Ms. Leather**, and she is none other than *On Our Backs* Spring '88 cover dyke **Heron**! Apparently the "alternately-pleasured" S/M women were the belles of the ball this year. **Marcia Munson** reports that both of her group-sex workshops were raging succeses. Each workshop drew a crowd of over one hundred women, and participants did everything from discussing safer sex and **Susie Bright**'s "Orgy Etiquette," to sharing group-sex experiences and playing "sex-stimulation" games.

OBSCENE EXPRESSION IN A PUBLIC PLACE?

"She ran her tongue like fire across my nipples. She slipped her hand in my cunt and grinned." Australian lesbian sculptor **Cath Phillips** has been fined $400 for painting those words across the base of a piece she installed in a public park.

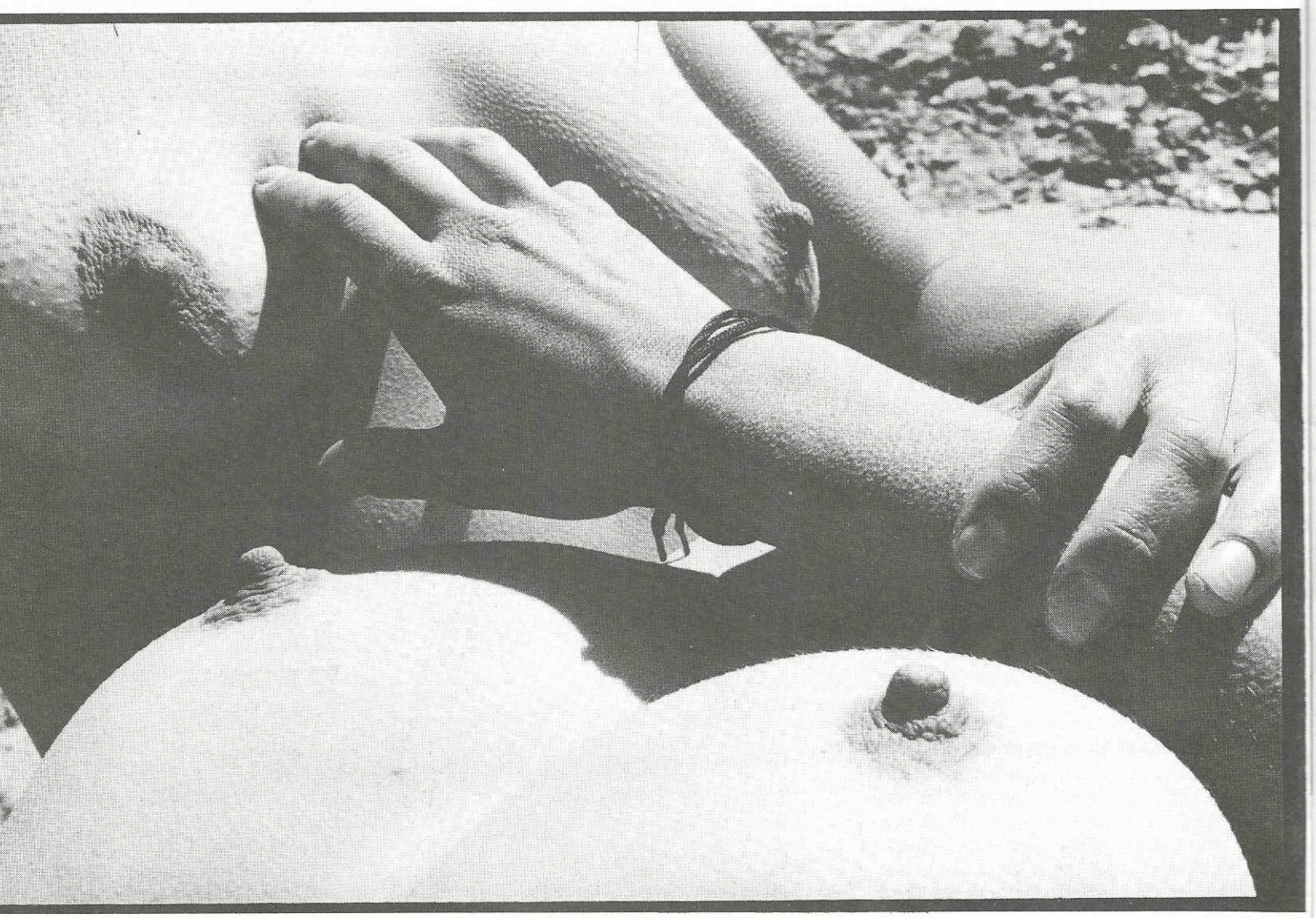
The piece, her third "bedroom arrangement," consists of a house-type structure enclosing a bedroom and illustrates her relationship with her lover, Susan. These words form the base of the government's charge against her. Phillips will go to jail in protest rather than pay the fine. The presiding judge called the sculpture "an obscene expression promoting a homosexual attitude through the use of words which offend community standards."

Phillips counters that "because of the insistence of the audience on seeing everything as heterosexual, I used the words in order to finally remove any sexual ambiguity. This time I didn't want any doubts." Perhaps if the judge had been more affectionate, understanding, and attentive, Phillips wouldn't even be a lesbian and there would be no problem.

PHOTO: JILL POSENER

*Heron, **Ms International Leather,** Michigan Womyn's Music Festival*

ON OUR BACKS EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY AWARDS



SINGLE PHOTO WINNER: *Jackie Cherry*

BEST PHOTO SERIES: *Kathy Petrere*

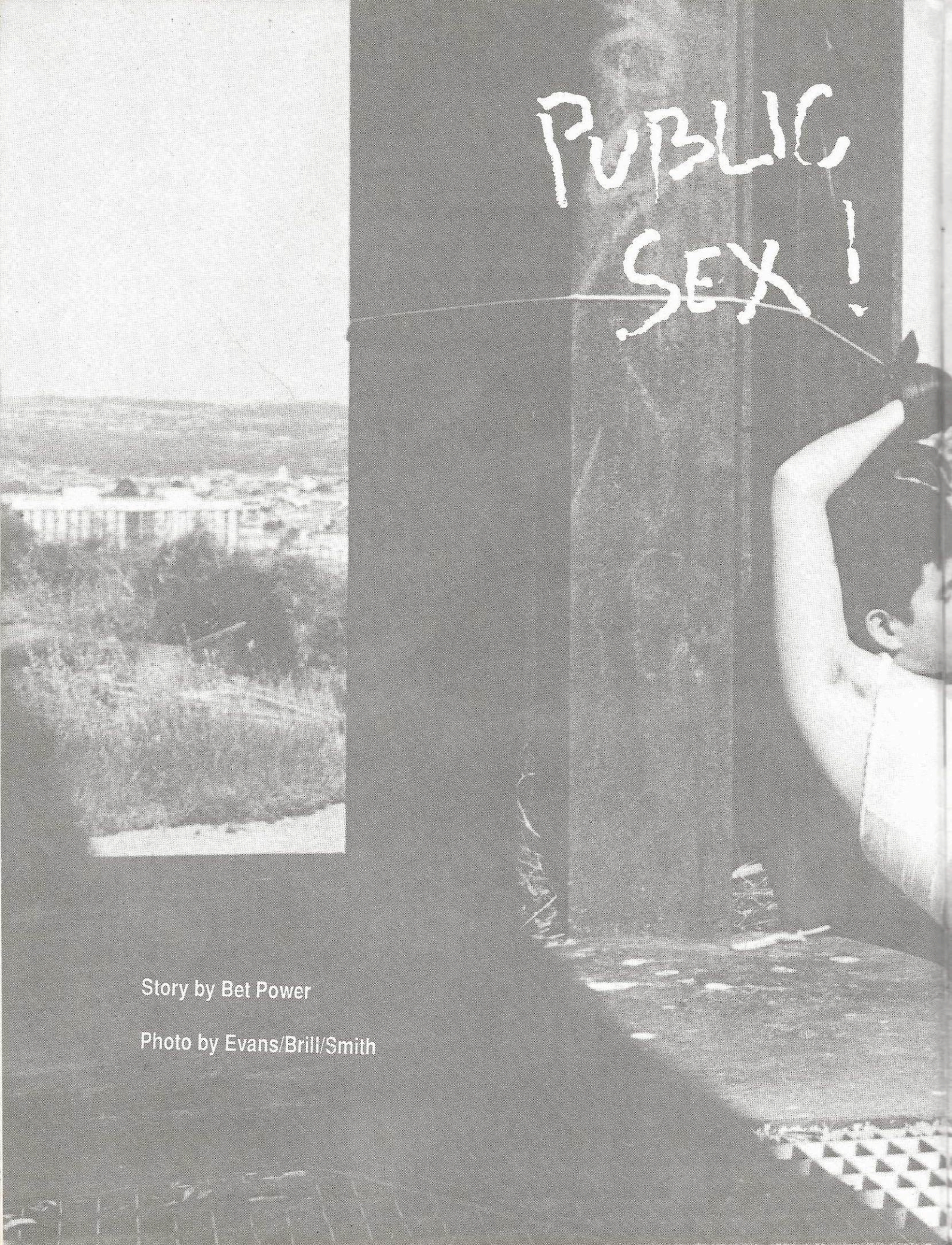
Congratulations to our 1989 Erotic Photoraphy winners: Jackie Cherry, Best Single Photo, Kathy Petrere, Best Series, and Myra Fourwinds, Honorable Mention.

I first met Jackie eight years ago when I was in college at Santa Cruz, looking for a new apartment. I was so sick of answering all the smoking/vegetarian/class background questions that are so in vogue in student housing circles, that it was a relief to meet Jackie, who was primarily concerned if I could pay the rent. I remember looking at some of her pictures hung up in an otherwise bare apartment. There were all portraits of children, animals and nature - very beautiful, but I thought, this dyke is not prepared to have a budding pervert move into her quiet home. Well, all these years later, it turns out Jackie can perverse with the best of them, and her talent and generosity have only increased. Her work is also featured in the On Our Backs 1989 calendar, and no, those are not my breasts getting the goose bumps!

* * *

Kathy Petrere rhymes with breath of fresh air, which is exactly how we feel about her acquaintance. She proves that good things come in small packages, and also from Indianapolis. When Kathy received our announcement of her award, she wrote back, "Did my pictures really win? I hired the model for this series in January specifically for your contest. Soon, we couldn't keep our hands off each other. Then we couldn't stop kicking each other. But after a six month break, I got your letter, got in touch with her, and now we're back together again, much happier than before. It was wonderful we could celebrate, instead of me sitting at home being reminded of our previously tortured relationship. God, you guys are good!" Thanks Kathy, we think you're pretty excellent yourself.

—*Susie Bright*



Story by Bet Power

Photo by Evans/Brill/Smith

Out of our bedrooms and into the streets! My passion for public sex started in 1970 when I came out in Chicago, surrounded not only by lesbian feminism but also by gay men's leather clubs and the wild, wicked ways of gay dance floors, bushes, bathrooms, beaches and cars. Any time left over when I was not sitting conscientiously in the circle of a lesbian collective meeting, I put on my boots, leather jacket and passed as a man at Male Hide, the Bistro and the Glory Hole. Public sex was just for men then, it seemed. That didn't stop me. It never has.

The feminist call for "Equal Rights" affected my lesbian sexuality in its own special way: I, too, wanted to be with buddies and lovers in some dimly lit club, standing for the thrill of sticking my "cock" through a hole in a wall while some anonymous, delicious, red-lipsticked mouth sucked me off on the other side. Watching others take in my pleasure through surrounding

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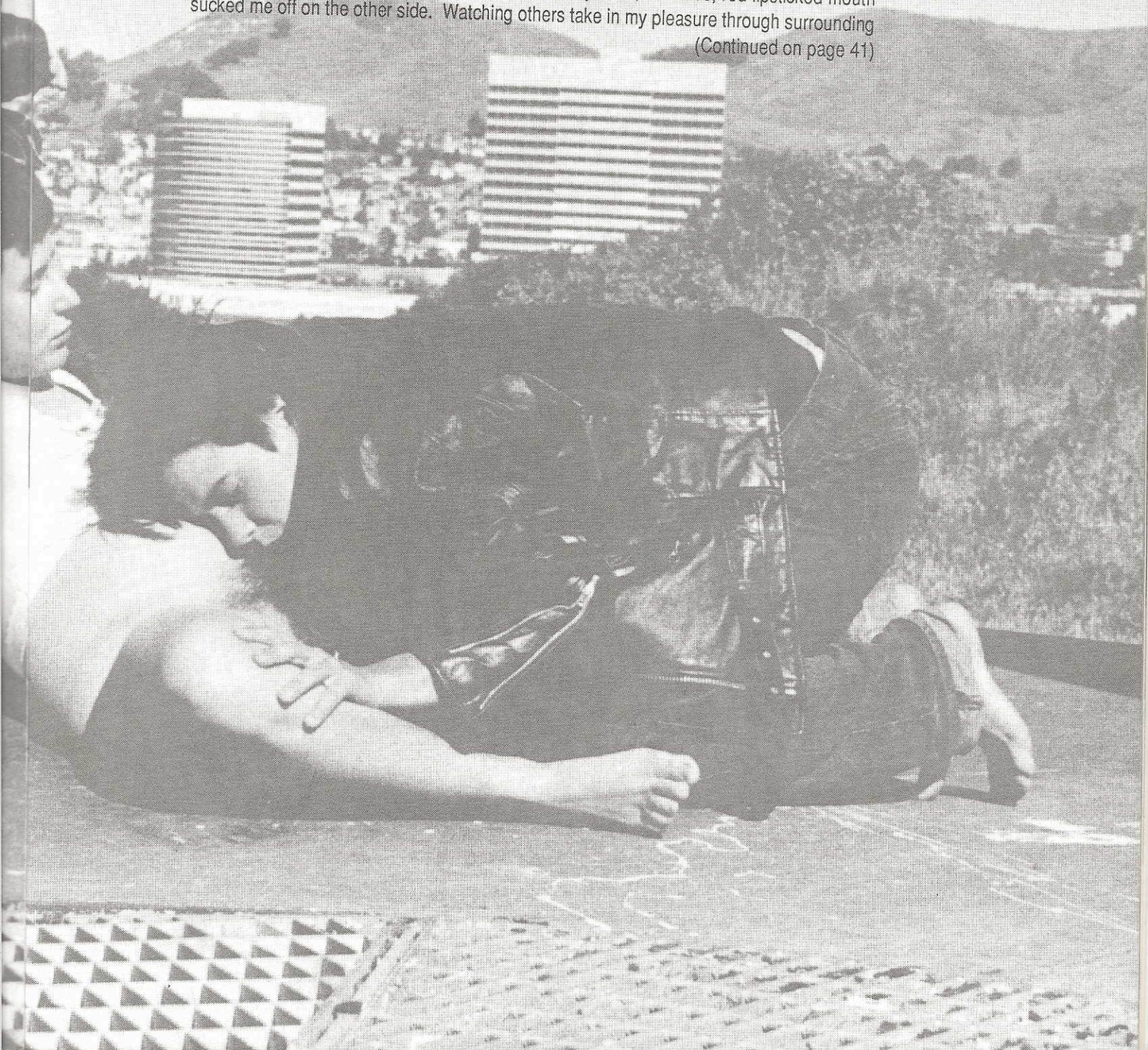

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

by Lori Ubell

I wasn't in the best of moods. To begin with, my best friend, Denny, was dead; murdered. I'd been trying to find out who'd done it. Sure, the police were investigating, but to them she was just a dead dyke, and it didn't really pique their interest.

Not that I'm a professional investigator. I'm a school teacher. And on this particular evening, I'd reached a dead end, both with my amateur investigation and with the girls' basketball team I coached.

So when I got out of the shower, and heard Belinda Kovacks' voice on my message machine, I wasn't really thrilled.

"Toni?" Her voice was hesitant. "This is Belinda. It was good to see you at Denny's funeral. I was wondering if you'd like to come to dinner tonight, and maybe talk about old times."

Belinda had been Denny's girlfriend in high school. She'd had the nerve to show up at the funeral with her husband, a Pentecostal minister. I'd really liked Linnie in the old days. In fact I'd had sort of a crush on her, but I didn't want to spend time reminiscing about the past

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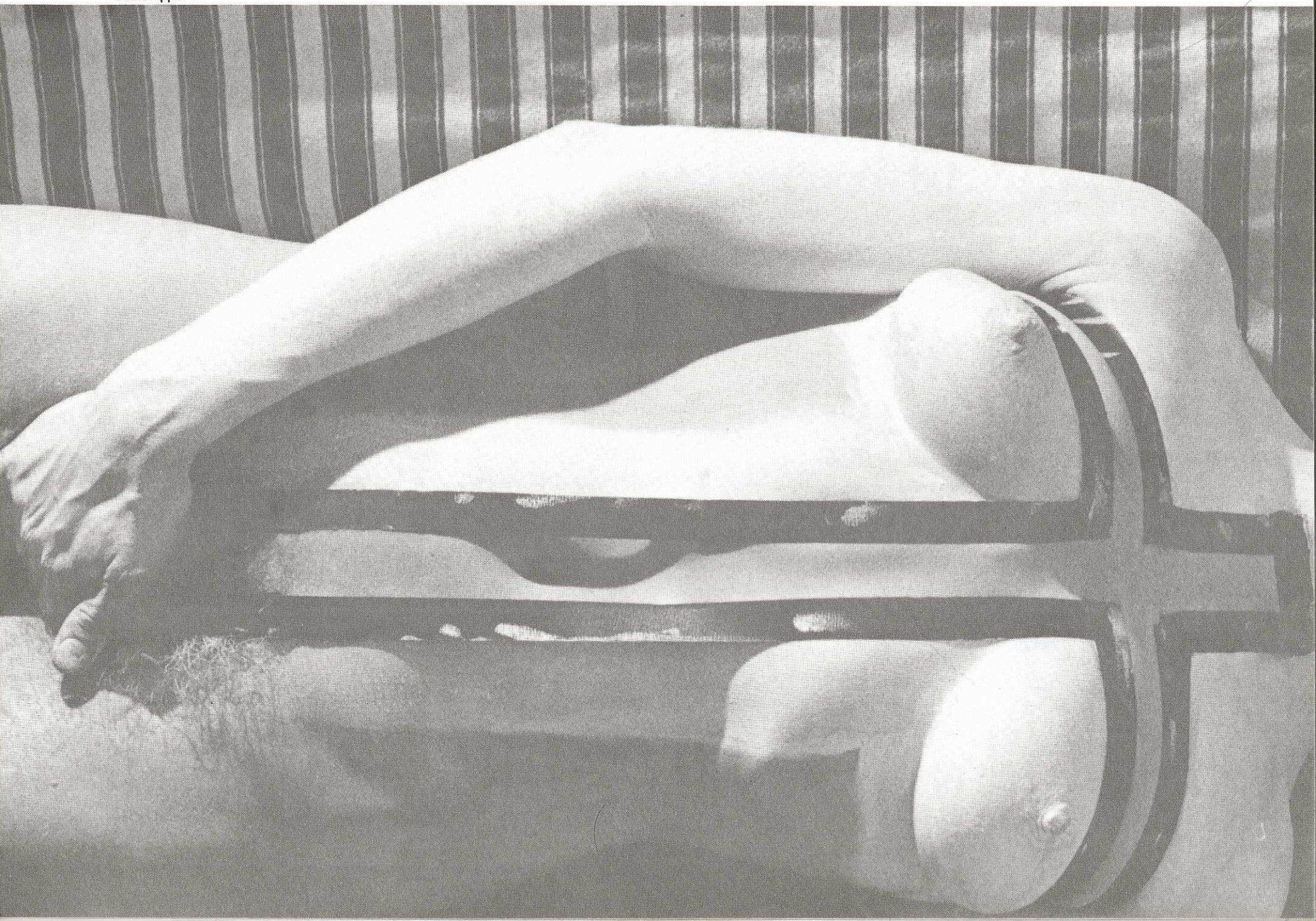
Anne Appel



with someone who was now straight, married and very religious.

Then I opened my refrigerator. Empty. And Belinda's message *had* said something about dinner. I called her back.

"Belinda, it's Toni."

"Oh, Toni, I hoped you'd get my message. I wasn't sure if that machine worked or not. Can you come over? I'd like to talk to you right away."

"Anything in particular you want to talk about?"

"Please, will you come? I've got dinner started, and it'd be just the two of us. Joshua's down at the mission. I just want to talk."

I hesitated. It might be exceedingly awkward. But my stomach rumbled, making up my mind for me.

"Sure. Where do you live these days?"

Twenty-five minutes later, I pulled up in front of her house. I'd dressed quickly, putting on the charcoal wool jacket and fancy white dress shirt I usually reserved for nights on the town. I wished I'd gotten a haircut so that my hair didn't curl over the jacket collar. I managed to brush it back at the sides so the tiny dark tail seemed deliberate.

I laughed at myself for acting as if I were going on a big date, rather than having dinner with an old friend ... a straight, married one at that. In some strange way, I was excited by the thought of seeing Belinda again.

She greeted me at the front steps. "Hey, you made it in record time. I hope you like meat loaf."

"Right now, I like anything edible. I get my lunch at 11:30, which is hardly human."

Belinda took my coat, and motioned me to the couch.

"I have to finish a few things in the kitchen."

I took a look at her for the first time. She may have been in the mood for nostalgia, but her dress was definitely this year's model: a clingy blue jersey that stopped just above the knee. She looked like a full grown woman, and a desirable one at that. I even caught a whiff of something that wasn't meat loaf; a light perfume.

I didn't like the way my thoughts were going so I got up and started looking around the small living room. At first it seemed quite ordinary: furniture by Sears, art by no one, decorations that were not so much tasteless as generic. But there was no television or stereo, and in the space where you might find a home entertainment center, stood an old oak bookstand. The treasured object it housed was a huge and obviously rare Bible. All the books on the bookshelf were on religious themes, as well as the magazines on the coffee table. I felt a little claustrophobic. Old friend or not, Belinda and her husband were religious nuts, and their kind and my kind generally avoided each other.

"Everything's just about ready," Belinda called from the kitchen. Hunger overcame my paranoia. "I hope you don't mind eating in the kitchen. The dining room table is folded up ."

"Hey, just having a home cooked meal is wonderful, Linnie."

"Linnie! No one's called me that in years."

"Oh, I'm sorry. " I suddenly felt very awkward. I stood in the doorway of the kitchen, which was painted pink, and featured a large picture of Jesus over the stove. Belinda was putting food on the table: meat loaf, mashed potatoes, a boat of gravy, a large salad. I wanted to bolt, but my stomach was growling.

Lesbianism always leads to alcoholism, devil worshipping and death.

"Oh, Toni, I like it. It reminds me of the old days. Please sit down. I'm so glad you came."

We spoke very little as we ate. I complimented the food. She smiled. About halfway through, she jumped up and went to the refrigerator.

"I almost forgot this," she said, returning with an open bottle of inexpensive wine.

"I'm surprised you drink."

"We may believe in the Bible, Toni, but there's no harm in drinking a little wine." She poured us each a glass as she spoke. "Of course, when drink gets the better of you, as it did with Denny. "

"That must have been painful for you to see."

"I prayed for her release every night. Of course, Joshua said it was . . . expected . . . considering her other abnormalities." Belinda picked up her glass and took a big gulp. "He even said that her death was, well, the result of her sin, in a way."

"Yeah, lesbianism always leads to alcoholism, devil worshipping and death."

"Toni, I'm sorry." She took another big swig. I noticed her hands shook a little. "I didn't mean to insult you. And the way he put it, it wasn't like that. He says that when you start on the road of sin, you don't always know where it will lead. And it was shocking for me to see how much she had deteriorated."

"Not like when you were lovers." What the hell, I thought. It was true, after all, and wasn't this what she wanted to talk about?

Linnie looked like she'd been slapped. She quickly finished off her wine. Without speaking, she poured herself another glass.

"Why did you ask me here tonight, Linnie? Just to tell me that Denny got what she deserved? Do you believe that?"

"Listen, until that day I ran into her about six months ago, I had forgotten what it was like."

"What *what* was like?"

"You know, after I met Joshua... I didn't think about Denny for years and years. And then, that first day I saw her, I remembered. I still felt... the same. And it didn't feel like a sin." She took another sip. Her hands were steadier now, and her face was a little flushed.

I felt a rush of pity for her. "It doesn't always lead to disaster. My life, for instance, is pretty good. I'm healthy. I like my job. I have a lot of friends. I've had some very solid relationships."

"And now?"

"Am I with anyone now? No, not at the moment."

"Toni," Belinda said, leaning forward and touching my sleeve, "do you find me attractive?"

Oh, shit. If I told the truth, she might panic. If I lied, she'd be hurt.

"You were always one of the prettiest girls in the class."

"Toni, I mean, am I someone you'd want?"

Damn it. She was going to persist.

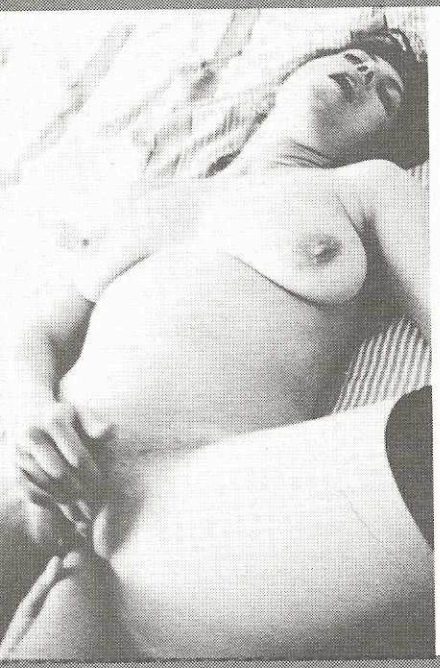
"If you saw me in the Bar, would you try to pick me up?"

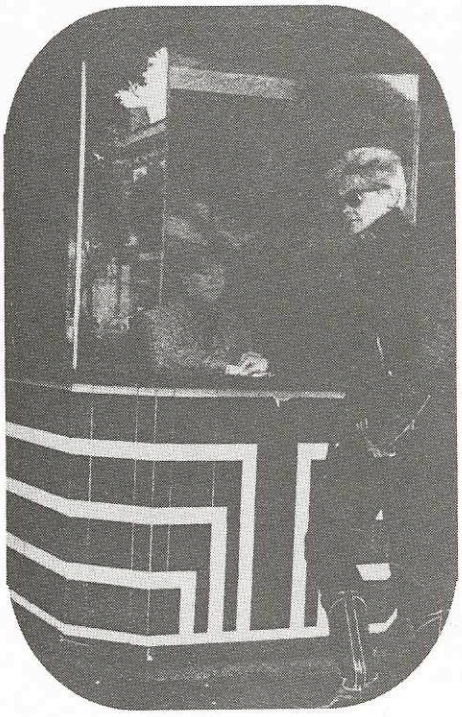
"Sure." I smiled. "I'd think, look at that woman. She looks just like old Linnie Kovacks. Only it can't be her, because she's married. To a holy roller. Then I'd go over to the woman and I'd say, 'Excuse me, you look just like someone I used to know,' and she'd say, 'That's an old line. Come back when you think of

(Continued on page 39)

MIKI & RUBY

Photography by **Jill Posener**





CINEMA VERITE

by minns

"Look, you're just too outrageous! I have to be careful, you know how the Industry is - this won't work!" The phone was silent.

I pressed my palms to my eyes, trying to push back the pain starting there, determined not to cry one more time. Damnit! This was idiocy! How long before I let her go? She kept sucking me in and then spitting out the pieces.

"Lena?" Cam, my roommate asked, sitting across from me in the dark.

"Yeah, Lena."

"Look, Orleans, she's bad news. You don't need the grief. There's got to be a million other women out there. So what if Lena's hot, so what if she's witty, she drives a Porsche, so what if she's soon-to-be famous, beautiful, intelligent, tantalizing, glorious movie director."

"Stop! I get the message," I laughed, finally winning the battle of the tearducts. She was right, Lena meant slow death.

Cam flipped on the stereo. *Eurhythmics* pulsed through the living room. I wondered what Annie Lennox was doing tonight.

"Get out," she said. "Go to a movie. This is Hollywood, kid. There's got to be something playing Lena hasn't got her screen credit on."

She was right. I need out of the apartment. Needed clear air. Maybe if I moved fast enough I could outrun the ghosts.

Cam tossed the entertainment section across the room.

"Better try something foreign."

Right.

***

Soft L.A. evening, spring promise of jasmine and honeysuckle. I let it wrap its cool arms around me - I needed a lover like this, mysterious, seductive, ready to explode. Always, that was the possibility that exited me. Fuck Lena, or rather, as Lenny Bruce used to say, don't fuck her. I ran my fingers through my punked out hair. How many times had Lena done just that, pulling me to her breasts, her nipples going hard with my first caress. . . Oh, sure, "outrageousness"

(Continued on page 43)

Photos: **Honey Lee Cottrell**

The York Theater, San Francisco

DONNA

The woman plumber who'll get your faucets flowing anywhere, anytime. She's on call with all the right tools

Annie Sprinkle

by **Mickey Warnock**

kle

"Base to Donna 15. We have a leaking shower head at 1718 Russia Street. Last name is Keller." The dispatcher's voice crackled over the radio under the dashboard of my truck.

"Check," I replied.

That was me. Donna 15. Fifteen was my truck number. I was one of the few, the proud; a woman plumber. I handled the leaks and clogs.

My way of getting through the day with the numerous calls I was sent on was fantasizing about the calls, as I drove to my destination. You know, the various possibilities of what could be there waiting for me .

"Who is it?" a voice spoke through the intercom above the doorbell.

"Hi, I'm Donna, from Express Plumbing. You called about a leak?" A buzz sounded and the door popped open. I pushed on it and peered inside.

"Hello, Mrs. Keller?"

"It's Ms. Keller. I'm not married," she said, coming down the stairs dressed in a black silk kimono.

"I wasn't expecting a woman," she smiled.

(Continued on page 37)

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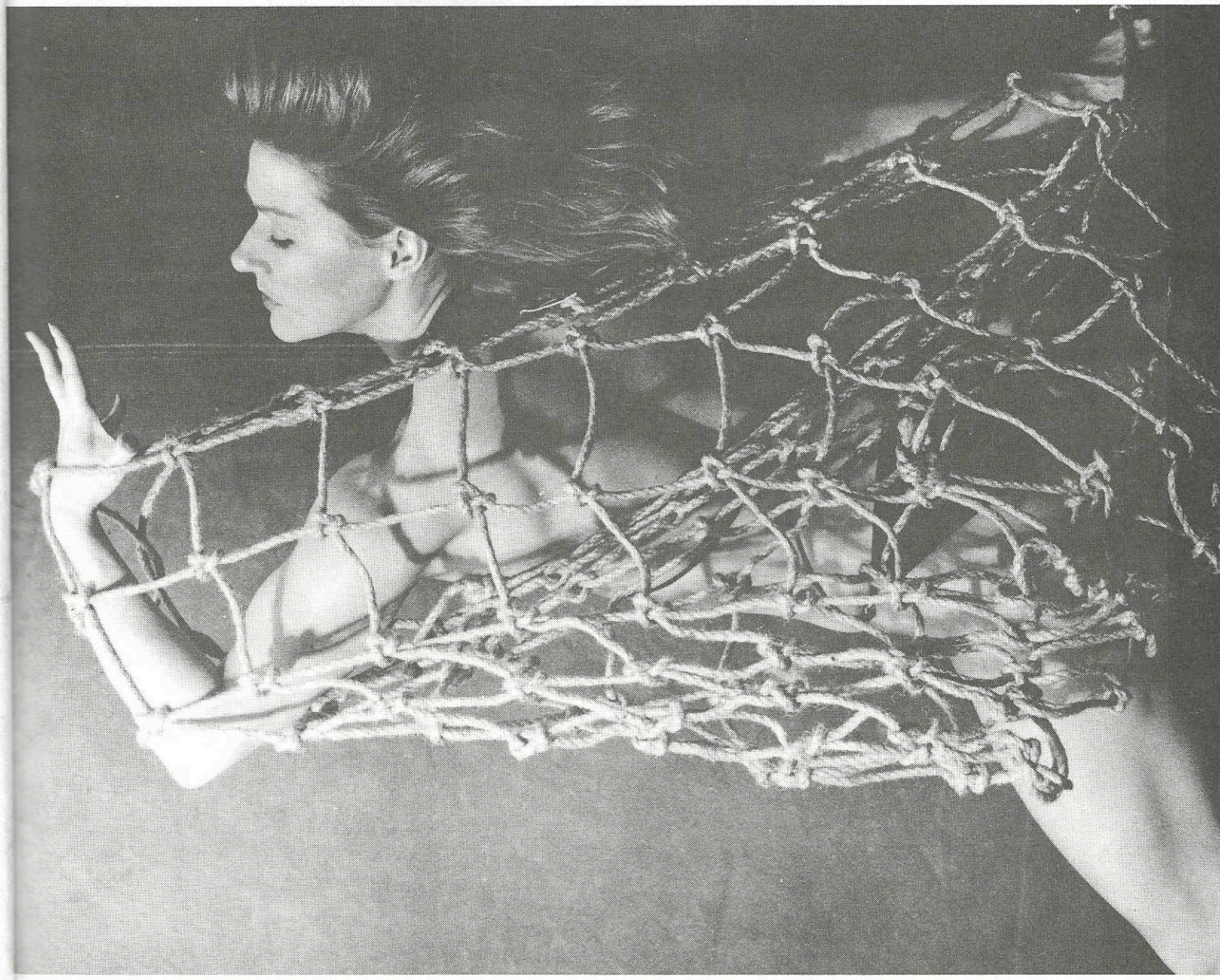

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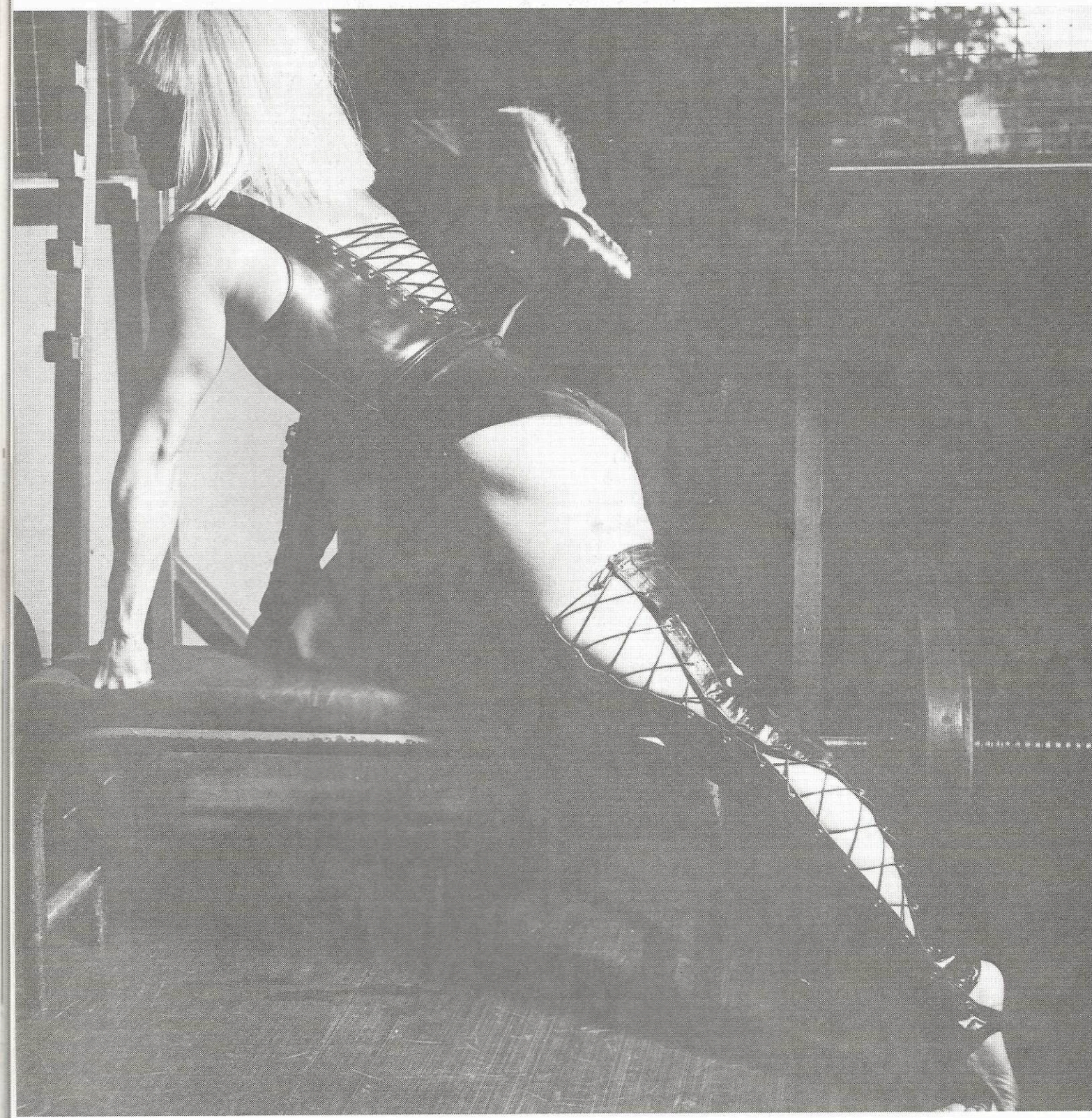
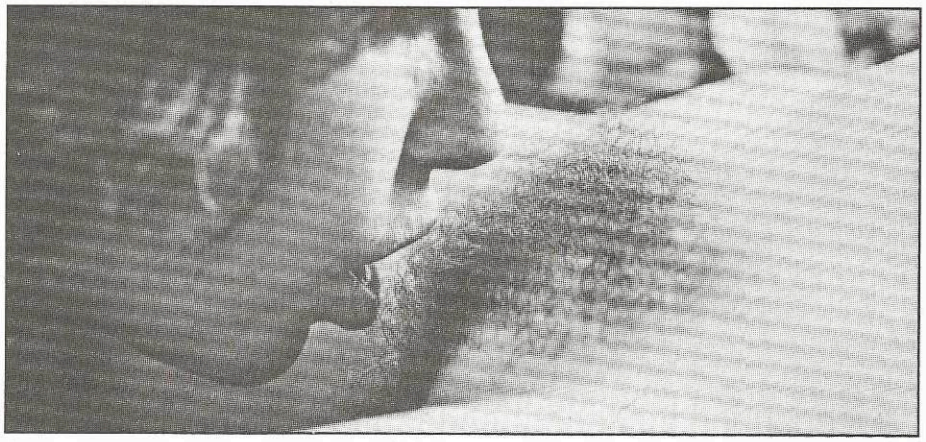


EROTIC BY NATURE

edited by David Steinberg
Shakti Press/Red Alder Books
P.O. Box 310
No. San Juan, CA 95960
$35.00



Tee Corinne, from ***Erotic By Nature***

Lesbians are always discussing what does the lesbian sex revolution mean to us, but little discussion has been given to how magazines like *On Our Backs* or lesbian erotic videos have influenced the mainstream sexual media. Dykes might be surprised at the likes of gay men and heterosexual men and women who see our public sexual renaissance as a role model for expanding and enlightening the traditional world of pornography.

Two years ago, editor David Steinberg, a heterosexual man and herb grower from Santa Cruz, contacted *On Our Backs* about a "pan-sexual" journal he was creating and his vision for a sensuous redefinition of pornography. He looked to the underground gay and lesbian sex press as being philosophically and creatively miles ahead of traditional sexual entertainment. Of course we agreed.

Steinberg's investigation into the possibility of a progressive, multi-sexual preference medium eventually led to the publication of *Erotic by Nature*, a hardcover anthology of fiction, poetry, and many photographs. The gay content is decidedly in the minority, but really, it's the straight stuff that's far more interesting, as it provokes such a departure from the *Playboy/Penthouse/Hustler* attitude.

Steinberg's editorial approach emphasizes the earthy, celebratory and relationship-oriented aspects of sex. You will find kink, but it's always tempered with tenderness or wonderment. Compared to *On Our Backs*, *Erotic by Nature* may seem vanilla, teetotalling; but compared to straight porn, it's passionate, personal and wildly diverse.

Lesbians will see the impact of our contemporary sexual voice in pieces by C. M. Decarnin, Dreaminhawk, Tee Corinne, Michael Rosen, Sandy Boucher, Julie Ball, and Morgan Cowan Dreaminhawk writes in one short story, "I like it best when our wrists are bound together with that bright silk, when our bodies are touching so completely there simply is *no space*, no space at all, between us. Our tongues are wrapped 'round one another and our wrists (your left and my right) are enclosed, enfolded - along with our ten entwined fingers - in soft, tight, hot, pink silk."

It's a powerful recognition to see how we have changed people's perception of porn, and a challenge to see how others will interpret it.

Next time a straight friend whines to you, "Why don't WE have anything like *On Our Backs*," turn them on to a copy of *Erotic by Nature*.

-Susie Bright

WAKING UP, A LESSON IN LOVE

Greta Schiller, Director
Foosh Flicks
P.O. Box 4493, Austin. Texas, 78765
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Country Western dykes in ***Waking Up***

From deep in the heart of Texas springs the maiden video of Foosh Productions of Austin. Entitled *Waking Up, A Lesson in Love*, it is a lesbian erotic video that delights the eye and stirs the imagination. Emmy-award winning director, Greta Schiller (*Before Stonewall, The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community*) departs from her genre to make her lesbian erotic debut. If this video is any example, Schiller's talents will be greatly appreciated.

Waking Up is not merely an exercise in lesbian erotica. Rather, it is a sort of lesbian time capsule, a film by and for women that incorporates lesbian new age fantasies and symbolism. The viewer knows this movie was produced by lesbians: it is doubtful that anyone who is not lesbian would even understand it, much less enjoy it.

The opening scene has our heroine, Susan, describing a dream—or is it? A group of women (in comfortable, colorful clothing and sensible footwear), form a ritual circle. Susan is placed in the circle's center, touched with crystals, and led through an erotic dance by a costumed seducer. Later, the scene changes from the forest to The Great Gatsby: a balcony banquet is being served, with Susan the main course.

Several years later, we meet Susan again. By now, she is well versed in the sensual art of seduction, or at least of being seduced. It appears that, for Susan, in sexual performance or in fantasy, it is more blessed to receive than to give.

And these women do know how to make love. The women don't lap lightly

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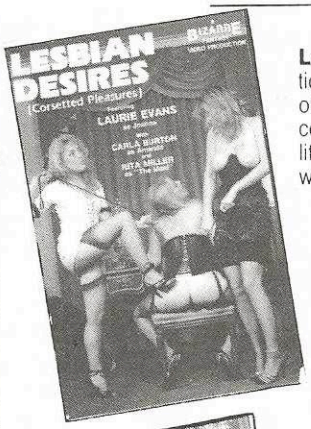

Lesbian Dildo Fever: This tape is filled with steamy action... candid views of black and white women who enjoy each other. Candice Daly plays the Temptress, Tasha Voux is the "innocent." Watch Candice, the mistress, take avantage of Nicole, the little peasant girl. If you like girl.girl romance and adventure, watch it! Delightful!

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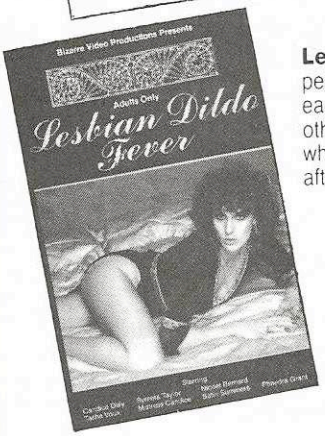

Lesbian Dildo Bondages: Three busty blonde beauties appear in dream sequences of bondage and humiliation. A spread-eagled victim is tied and toyed with. Her sex is penetrated. The others watch and play with themselves and each other. Tongue-whipping. Tongue-stabbing. Licking. Smooching. Watch them go after it!

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five inches from a nipple; they zero in and latch on. Nor are we bombarded with staged thrashing and half-hearted moans intended to signal imminent ecstasy: when these women orgasm, their toes curl.

The ritual theme carries through into the bar scenes, set in a tavern called "Petticoat Junction". The highlight is a lesbian line dance, executed with so much energy and so little apparent effort that the video seems choreographed. This scene, like the others, precipitates Susan into a one-night encounter, this time with a very butch cow-girl who barely makes it into the apartment before she's writhing in the hallway with her hostess.

"Love-em and leave-em" Susan meets her match in Claudia, an older, urbane, experienced woman in town for just one night. Claudia is a customer in Susan's flower shop; Susan, unusually tongue - tied, douses Claudia with water from a broken vase. Susan offers to iron Claudia's blouse. Once the shirt is of, however, one thing leads quite naturally to another. Susan and Claudia sink to their knees right under the ironing board. It is easy to see that Susan is smitten; she makes love as enthusiastically as she receives it.

Claudia is a master at Susan's own game. Though Susan presses for a repeat performance, Claudia is firm. "Isn't this your style? Skip the entanglements, leave them wanting more?" Susan protests, "I was talking about someone else." Claudia leaves, answering, "That's what I'll be, in a few minutes."

Susan returns to the bar, where the dance is now a couples two-step. Despite the attentions of an attractive bar patron, Susan pines for Claudia and goes home alone.

But not for long. The video ends several weeks later, with Susan dressing for a night on the town. The sparkle in her eyes has returned, and with it, her sense of adventure. Apparently, "waking up" sometimes entails coming to your senses.

At the end of the video there are a number of "public service" messages. One dedicates the video to the fight against homophobia and "sexophobia" which plagued the production of this work and forces many of those who helped produce Waking Up to remain anonymous. Also added is a safe sex warning citing lesbians as being at risk.

- Casey Hannon

IT'S A LEZZIE LIFE: A DYKE-U-MENTARY
Directed by Ingrid Wilhite
LBLVideo,
P.O. Box 2289 , Suite 181
San Francisco, CA 94111
$32.50 includes p/h.

Remember *Fun with a Sausage*? I'm one of the many fans of this early lesbian spoof. In this short and silent video, Ingrid Wilhite managed to poke fun at lesbian stereotypes and sexuality with humor and wit. The heroine of this ditty gets up, cross dresses, shoves a good sized sausage in her jeans and sets off for the Castro. Yikes!

Because I found *Sausage* kinda fun, I looked forward to Wilhite's newest video, *It's a Lezzie Life: A Dyke-U-Mentary* Upscale from *Sausage* production-wise (there's sound and some computer effects), she explores her earlier themes. Once again she plays with lesbian stereotypes. A dis-harmonious group of gals share an apartment in San Francisco. There's an army dyke, a beansprout-eating (and junkfood-sneaking), political "womyn," a downtown yuppie dyke who's into S/M, and a country girl who's just plain overwhelmed by it all. A surprise visit from a back-home preacher sets up another funny segment.

We see this collection of characters move through their uneventfully eventful day.: work, TV, sex - and a visit from mom! The components of any dyke's life, right?

Wilhite's script is lacking in many respects - unfortunately the thing drags, and a lot of the acting is grating. But occasionally there are some funny lines and clever turns. When we hear screams from the S/M aficionado's bedroom, we soon find out that the yuppie dyke is actually hot-waxing her gal friend's legs! There the women seemed more into their roles (no pun intended, I promise!). The filming was sharp, the script tight, and it seemed as though that's where Wilhite's put the most energy.

Fun with a Sausage was innocent and rough, but it worked for its time and place. Only parts of this new piece fly as high. Granted, it's difficult to write satire that draws and stays current, and even more difficult to act it.

What next, Wilhite?

-Louise Rafkin

DONNA 15 *(continued from page 31)*

"No one does."

"Yes. Well, come up. It's my shower. Water's spewing everywhere." I followed Ms. Keller back up the stairs.

It was a Water Pik shower massager. The screws had come loose to the long hose attached to the shower head. With a wrench, I was able to tighten them quickly.

"There, that ought to do it."

To my surprise, Ms. Keller stepped into the shower - without her robe. "I need to test it first." She smiled at me, taking the head down from its clip.

The water flowed in a spray across her hand at first as she adjusted the temperature. Slowly she turned the dial around the head until four hard streams of water were shooting out.

"See, no leaks. Can you sign the invoice now, please?" I asked quickly, holding it out to her with a shaking hand.

Ms. Keller ignored me and carefully trained one of the streams of water between her thighs. "Uhhhmmm, it works... thank you," she moaned.

I watched her, amazed. Her hand spread open her lips and the pulsating stream of water moved back and forth over her clit.

She slid down into the tub, her legs open, feet up on the tile wall. The shower head was pressed up against her cunt.

"Oh, ummm..." Ms. Keller moaned again, her ass sliding up and down against the wet tub. "Care to join me?"

... The front door of the Keller residence opened and a middle aged gent stood there smiling. "Hi, I'm Mr. Keller, and you must be the plumber, Donna. Come on in," he said, holding the door open. "It must be pretty hot out there," he laughed, "you're sweating."

"Base to Donna 15. Clogged toilet at Macy's. Go to Post Street side door and ask for Sherry."

"Check," I answered, driving down Market into the lunch rush.

. . . I stared into the toilet in the public restroom of Macy's. It was stuffed with toilet paper and other things. Every plumber's nightmare.

"Here's the bucket you asked for."

I whirled around to see a young, attractive woman standing there, holding up a bucket for bailing purposes.

"Thanks. Who are you?"

"Sherry," she said in a quiet, seductive way, handing the pail to me.

I turned back to the toilet and began to scoop,

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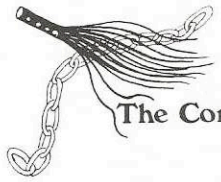

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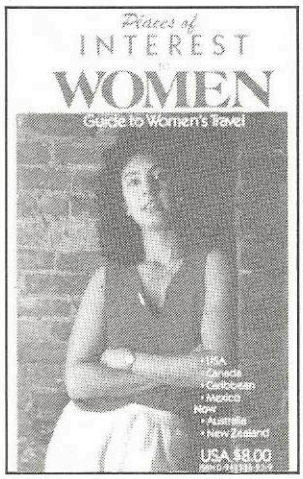

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when I felt a pair of hands sliding up along my sides to my breasts.

"I just love a woman in uniform," Sherry murmured warmly in my ear, pressing her tits into my back. She planted her bright red mouth on my neck and her hands found their way down the front of my shirt.

I dropped the bucket, turned around and pushed Sherry up against the closed stall door. I yanked up her dress and pressed my open mouth against hers.

"Stick your fingers in my pussy," she panted. I lifted her leg and wrapped it around me, sliding a couple of fingers in her wet cunt, pushing them in and out of her.

. . . HONK! "Come on, get that truck moving!" some asshole shouted behind me.

I hung my arm out of the window, giving him the bird as I turned down Post Street to Macy's.

"Base to Donna 15. Clogged kitchen sink at 2021 Noe Street. Last name is Johnson. "

"Check."

Great. With my luck it was probably celery wrapped around the disposal blades.

. . . "Shit," I muttered to myself, feeling the fibers of celery in the drain.

"Ms. Johnson, could you please hand me that screwdriver from my toolbox?" I asked, not looking away from the sink.

Something much rounder and heavier was placed in my hand. I looked down to see a dildo in my palm and a nude Ms. Johnson propped up on the counter with her legs open.

"Unclog this, *baby. "*

. . . "Wahh!" screamed one of the five kids who stood at the door with Mrs. Johnson. "Oh, thank God you're here. I was making a salad and put celery in the drain. . . ."

"Base to Donna 15. Kitchen sink leak at 15 Valencia Street, apartment C. Last name is Bender."

"Check."

It was my last call for the day.

The door swung open, and there stood a woman who must have just modeled for an Olivia de Berardinis greeting card. She was still wearing the black lingerie.

"Hot damn, a *woman* plumber!" she said, leaning against the doorway. Her eyes traced me up and down.

No ladies, this was not a fantasy.

She yanked me through the door by the shirt collar.

I was really here, and this *was really happening.*

She led me to the kitchen sink and got down on her knees, leaning into the pipes under the sink. Her tight black laced panties crept up her ass.

"It's this big pipe under here that's leaking," she said, looking up at me with doe eyes.

That pipe wasn't the only thing leaking.

The wrench slipped from my hands, clanging onto the floor. Ms. Bender reached over and handed it up to me, blowing a kiss.

I was on my back under the sink and working on that pipe, when Ms. Bender kneeled down between my legs. "Is there anything I can do to help?" she sweetly asked, rubbing my knees.

I looked up at her. A bead of sweat ran down my cheek when I noticed that Ms. Bender had removed the next-to-nothing bra she had been wearing upon greeting me at the door.

"Um, uh, could you hand me that can of pussy, uh I mean, putty in my toolbox?" I sputtered. She was stroking my thighs.

"What? What was that? Take off your pants and lick your pussy, is that what you said?" she grinned, going to my belt.

"Uh, yeah, something to that effect," I panted as Ms. Bender yanked down my pants.

Her hot tongue entered me. She gripped my thighs while making do on my subliminal request. I lay moaning under the sink, wondering if Josie, that woman plumber from those old Drano commercials, ever had it this good.

"Oh, you taste *so* good," she whispered between licks. I grabbed onto the pipe I had been working on as Ms. Bender buried herself in me, her tongue flicking back and forth over my clit.

"Mmmm," I moaned, knocking over a can of Ajax under the sink.

Softly I stroked her hair as her tongue fucked me, moving in and out and running along my clit.

"Ummm."

Ms. Bender yanked me out from underneath the sink, her face still between my legs as my butt hit the cold kitchen floor.

"Ummmm, Mssss. . . Bennderr," I groaned, thrusting my cunt in her face as I came.

"Quick, call a plumber!" she laughed, getting in a few more licks.

Ms. Bender stopped and stood up, smiling down at me with a glazed face.

"My turn."

I looked at her in a daze.

"Sure, but what about the. "

Ms. Bender sat down on my face, wiggling back and forth.

"*Screw the sink.*"

MINISTER *(continued from page 22)*

something better.'"

"No, Toni. I'd say, 'You're right. I'm exactly the same girl you used to know. Exactly.'"

Even though I'd barely touched my wine, I suddenly felt dizzy. Jesus' stovetop eyes bored into the back of my head. Linnie's eyes locked onto mine. I stood up. Those little warning bells you always hear about were ringing, loudly.

"I've got to go, Linnie. I shouldn't be here."

"Don't go," she said, stumbling to her feet. She grabbed my hand, and held it. For seconds, we both stood still. She threw her arms around my neckand began to kiss me.

I couldn't stop myself from kissing her back. I didn't want to stop. We kissed deliriously for a few minutes, but then I pulled away.

"We should at least get out of the kitchen." The floor looked clean, but Jesus bothered me.

"There's a bed in the spare room. I don't think I could go to the bedroom." Me neither, I thought.

She led me upstairs, holding my hand all the way. The warning bells got louder. I switched them off. I couldn't remember the last time I'd wanted a woman so badly. Or so suddenly.

She pulled me down onto the single spare bed, onto her. The dress slipped off easily. She reached back and unhooked her bra, while I kissed and nibbled at her mouth, her neck, and finally her breasts. She began to moan.

I thrust my leg between hers, spreading them wide. I reached down and almost ripped her panties, grinding into her wildly. She wrapped herself around me, hips bucking. I wanted to take her with a dildo, but didn't imagine she had any sex toys in the master bedroom.

We were getting into a good rhythm now. I kissed her face all over. She made little throaty noises. I could feel the wetness from her cunt seeping onto my pants leg. The room smelled of cunt and wet denim.

"Toni . . . I want you."

I kissed her harder, and raised up to my knees. I ran my fingers over her breasts, and then covered her lips. She opened her mouth, and I pushed my fingers in. She sucked them hungrily. I pulled them out abruptly and reached for her cunt, kissing my way down her body as I went.

Her breasts shivered a little as my lips found them, and her breath became erratic, even as her hips rocked steady. Her

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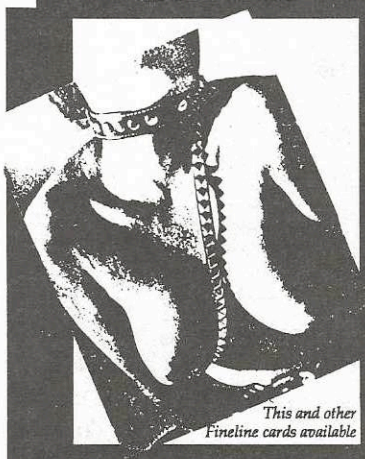
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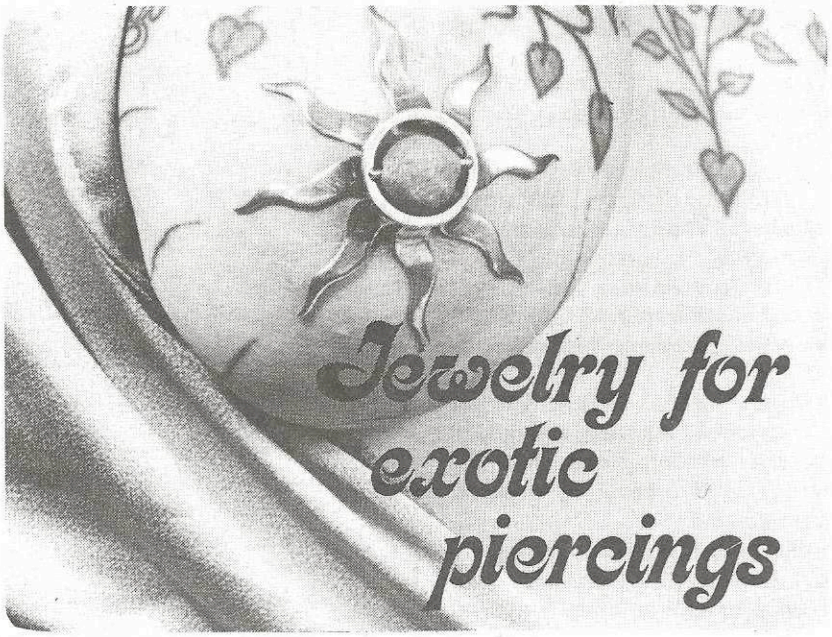

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stomach quivered, too, as I kissed and nibbled at her ribs, her navel, her honey blond pubic hair. I began to stroke her very wet clit. She moaned and whispered words too soft for me to hear.

I thrust into her hard - two fingers, then three. She met my thrusts, wildly, reaching for my face, my neck, my shoulders. She clawed at me through my shirt. My clothes were wet with sweat, with her.

I ached to really take her with my fist, but I was afraid to push too hard. For a moment, fear and doubt crowded into my mind. What was I doing here at all?

But my thoughts left just as quickly. Linnie's body vibrated faster and faster. Suddenly it was she who was fucking me, my hand. I could feel her orgasm rise.

She came screaming. I covered her mouth with my hand, and she bit it, hard. Finally, the spasms stopped. I rocked her gently in my arms.

She reached up and began to unbutton my shirt.

I grabbed her hand, pushing it to her side.

"But you must be very hot in all those clothes," she said, looking a little hurt.

"Hot, and bothered."

She began to say something, but I put my hand up to her lips. "What are we doing here, Linnie?"

"I don't know." She looked on the verge of tears. I kissed her gently, and felt desire stir in me again.

"I want you," I said. "Even though it goes against my better judgment. After all, not one hour ago you were giving me the anti-gay gospel according to Joshua."

We were both silent. I don't know what Linnie was thinking, but I was thinking about Denny; the Denny we'd both known years ago. An idea bubbled to the surface of my brain. It wasn't an idea that I liked, but I felt compelled to say it.

"Linnie," I began, "you invited me here to talk about old times. Are you sure this isn't just some kind of kinky way of reminiscing? You know, about you and Denny."

She cut me off.

"I'm not sure of anything, except that I want you."

She kissed me. I kissed her back, running my fingers through her damp hair. My heart pounded.

She began to cry, softly.

"Linnie," I said, "we can't undo it. I don't really want to go."

"Don't go, then," she said, fingering the second button on my shirt. This time, I didn't push her hand away.

PUBLIC SEX *(continued from page 19)*

mirrors multiplied it magnificently.

SEXUAL REBELLION

In-the-Bedroom-Only/With-your-Husband-Only/In-the-Missionary-Position-Only is a timid, tight little structure; one that begs to be teased into loosening up its limits. Having sex whenever and wherever I want it, especially in public where that's never supposed to happen... ah, these are vital acts of personal rebellion .

SOLO PUBLIC

On my way home alone from the office one Friday, I started off my weekend with 70 mph expressway sex. Driving expertly with the moon roof open to truckers' eyes passing above, the driver's seat throbbed out the bass to Madonna's "Angel" against my thighs. I ignored her coy voice for as long as I could, rolling down all the windows for better exposure. How long had that sleazy song been out? It still got me to do it to myself, every time. My fingers opened the fly of my trousered 3-piece suit. I unbuttoned my vest and loosened my tie. I set the cruise control at 70. I entered my cotton briefs and circled my packed phallus. A dream flashed before me: Madonna's mouth swallowed me beneath the steering wheel, while a thousand hungry commuters ate their hearts out. By the time the CD got to "Like a Virgin," I was ready to shoot. It was the kind of come that buckled my knees when I landed in the driveway and walked to my lover's door.

TWO MUCH

It was dim sunset evening when Julie and I walked down the street toward the movies. I pushed her against the window of a grocery store and hoisted her skirt high, unsnapped her garters, spread her legs and pressed myself into her. When she looked in all directions to see if anyone was watching, I laughed long and hard. It was *her* exposure and dog-in-the-alley naughtiness which I enjoyed that time.

On Saturday at noon, I took her to the Reservoir. We knew the beaches were patrolled sporadically by park police on motorcycle, but that added suspense to the scene. Nevertheless, we were going to pull this off carefully; playing with the chance of getting caught. We walked to the farthest beach and she set our blanket down. I told her to strip in the sun while I gathered sharp reeds growing wild. Then I ordered her naked on all fours and lashed her ass till patterns rose. I fisted her from behind and she started on her bloods. Her cunt, thighs and ass cheeks dripped crimson. I possessively covered her with another blanket. My delight in her orgasm - which she offered up to me shouting - this was just too good to share.

SUMMERTIME SEX TALK

On the East Coast, we have a sweet and sexy S/M support group, SHELIX. I wanted to know: do other women practice public sex? I called a meeting to find out.

It was hot and intimate. A cooling cross wind off the wide Connecticut River blew through open wood windows to keep us comfortable in another kind of swelter. We had come to this point of sitting in a circle again, eighteen years after all those cerebral collective meetings. This time the goal was a lot more direct. We came to talk about our experiences with "Public Sex," the perfect topic for powerfully pleasurable sensations. "All right, women, what have you got?"

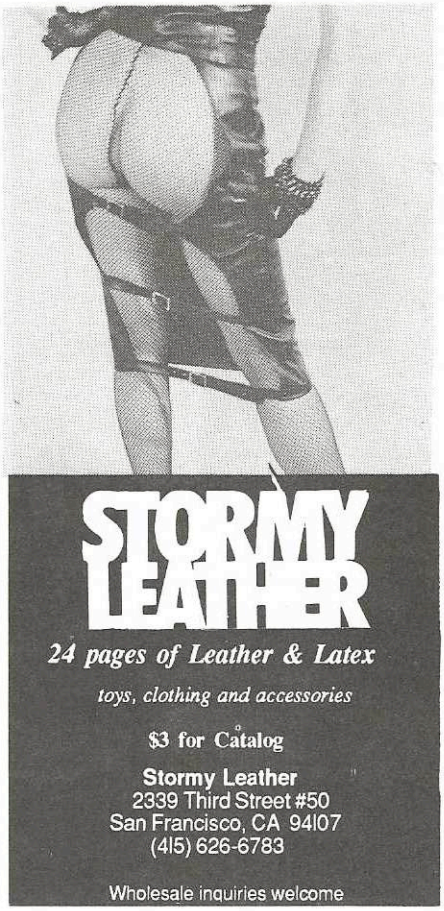
THE STATE OF A LESBIAN UNION

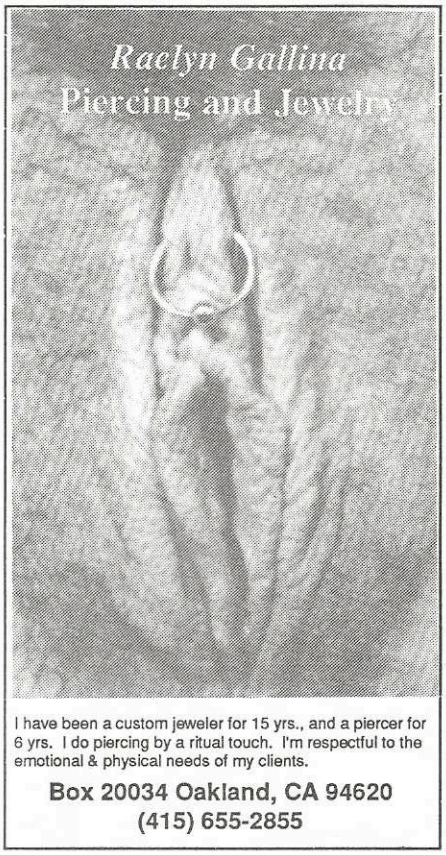
One monogamously married dyke couple talked about the public state of their coupling. One summer, they racked up 9,000 miles on their van, traveling throughout the U.S. They parked in front of every state house in the nation and fucked their brains out. For them, breaking sex rules brazenly sexy. The crudeness of their sex in contrast to the stuffy formality surrounding them. . . there was something shamelessly satisfying about getting away with violating governmental pomposity. The state of their

lesbian union? Definitely the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

TREETOP

And then there was Sarah, the teenage top, who tied a girl to a tree across from the train tracks, with a shopping mall nearby. Cars came tantalizingly close as they veered in and out of the mall parking lot. A train conductor, when he noticed their display, blew his whistle as he roared his engine right by. The captive girl screamed with a rush of humiliation and fright, but she didn't want to

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stop the game just because someone had seen her coming.

PAY BEFORE YOU PUMP

Next, a woman told us about working in a gas station in the service booth. She was bored, squeezed into the tiny cubicle with just enough room for one. Was her boss watching? Only her upper body was visible to customers through the glass wall. Her hips and legs were hidden under the counter beneath the drawer where she was making change. Her lover called her on the phone, at the exact moment she was fumbling for bills to break a fifty. The breathy butch voice ordered her, "Drop your panties. Do it right now!" She complied in an instant.

BOTTOM OF THE HEAP

Last, but not least, there was the woman who'd been transformed into an erotic coat rack. Her Top had taken her to a crowded lesbian club and ordered her to stand perfectly still and silent in a corner, no matter what happened. The surly Top announced to us all that she had brought along her own personal coat rack, and invited us to heap hats, jackets and scarves on her convenient Object. After we'd dangled every imaginable accessory from the blushing female, the Top lifted her bottom's fishnet blouse and hung coat hangers with increasingly heavy weights from her nipple rings. Through it all, for about an hour, everyone who cared to notice could relish this titillating show.

FETISHES AMONG FRIENDS

Showing off our sexual competence, fetishes or fantasies can be very sexy. We replayed all the fun we've had in SHELIX, which is a safe "public" space for voyeurs and exhibitionists alike, where our intimacies can be openly shared instead of secreted away.

New surroundings add spice to our sex lives. Sex in public gives us a way to select a sexual environment, set up scenery and an audience, and enjoy. The sexual areas we make for ourselves reveal a great deal. In particular, the fantasies we make public symbolically reflect parts of ourselves, our backgrounds, interests, issues and lives, very much the way dreams do.

Lesbians are coming into the light of day. And public sex is giving us all a much better look at who we are. Closet, what closet? We're talking center stage.

CINEMA VERITE *(continued from pg 29)*

was what she was looking for then. Hidden up in the hills with no one to know but us, I couldn't be outrageous enough for her. . . The familiar ache welled up behind my eyes. I snapped on my Wayfarers, pushing the dark glasses high on my nose. The night, a shade darker now, touched my cheek, led me away from thoughts of Lena to the movie theater. I was tough, cool, no one would know - oh, yeah. I bought a ticket and stood in line.

***

The cinema was small, part of a chain that fancied itself esoteric, catering to the pseudo-intellectual crowd. It was a far cry from Lena. Scents of tweed and shetland wool, Chloe and British Sterling surrounded me. People on either side avoided me: the punk in black leather. Didn't matter. I liked the insulation, didn't want anyone too near, not tonight. I raised my wrist to my face, drank in the remnants of the scent Lena had given me, this the last, just before Christmas. I'd put it on before the phone call. She knew I delighted in contrasts: expensive perfume, beneath the butch exterior.

It was then that I felt a gaze, like a light touch at the back of my neck. I turned around.

The woman staring at me was tall, her oversized, unstructured jacket not concealing the body of a dancer. Her long legs were poured into soft calfskin pants that clung to every line. Her dark hair was swept up and back, but loosely, so that long tendrils drifted forward giving her a hedonistic air.

She tossed a barely lit cigaret into the gutter. The lipstick stains on the tip looked like blood. She didn't drop her stare, only lengthened it, cruised me up and down as if she was about to purchase something expensive, something she needed to think about. I felt my jaw tighten. No only had she caught me in a very private reverie, but we were also being noticed. How could the crowd not notice her? She was stunning. Maybe it's the way of all dancers. I watched her garnet lips, pull back into a smile, and then she ducked back into the ticket line, and disappeared. I thought I heard her laugh, but maybe I imagined it. I was alone again.

***

I bought a Coke; a little sugar, a little caffeine. I managed a seat down front, knowing instinctively that this enclave of academics would prefer the middle and back. I was just in time for the lights to go down and the murmured discussions of who the director was and what he'd won at Cannes the preceding year to dull down. This was a polite crowd, no who-threw-the-popcorn-at-the-screen here. I could sink into the upholstery and probe my Lena wounds undisturbed. The title went up, something in French, of course. I took a long draw on my Coke.

"May I have a sip?"

Before I could sit up a slender hand reached out, long fingers encircling my own, not prying the cup away only guiding it to her own mouth. It was her again. She stared at me over the rim, obviously amused. Her tongue wrapped around the straw beginning a slow glide down, then up again and into her mouth. I was becoming as moist as the outside of the cup. Her knee moved against mine, those fine-boned legs pressing hard, pressing what little breath I had left right out of me. She turned carefully, waiting for a moment when the entire theater was black, then, on leg between mine, the"V" of her crotch against my thigh, she handed the Coke back to me, closing her eyes, burying her face against my leather.

The audience was laughing. I pulled her up and out of my jacket almost knocking her to the floor.

"Shhhh, it's only the film," she whispered, her breath sweet and hot against my ear, "relax, little butch, I've seen this movie before."

The Coke was on the floor and her hand were on my thighs. Her fingers pirouetted against my inseam, hard, then a softer tap, making the blood rise in my clit, my cunt swelling with her choreographed lesson.

"You're so wet I can feel you through the leather. . . " her tongue flicked, tracing the shell-line of my ear. My breath was fast, past speech. I was opened to her, wide, letting fingers push deep against me, wanting her, of course, still deeper, maddened with the leather between, pressing back against her hand, letting go as I never would with Lena.

"Come to me, my sweet butch baby, I want you to come with me. . ." her whisper was deep in my head, her hands hard, stronger than I could have guessed. Surely our steamy scents traveled backwards, over the popcorn and perfume and dust-covered curtains?

"Come, now. . . "

I was coming, hard against her, totally liquid, my legs like iron, pinning her hands down, down into me, pressed to my center, obliterating the movie, Lena,

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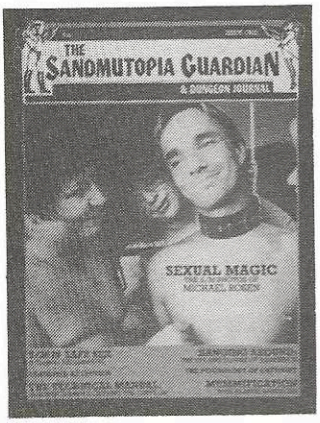

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the crowd, wiping out everything except the delicious scent of her hair, her lips biting into the soft hollow at my neck, and the explosion in my cunt.

My hear finally slowed. The audience laughed again, and we were bathed in a clear, silver wash - her face like some prototypical angel's.

Above us, on the screen, huge people with accents said something witty, but I was only aware of it for a moment. My dancer's hands returned to her lap and I could see in that silver light their rhythmic glide. I was still stoned from the first ride but the hunger made its way back. This time I wanted her to feel it, to come apart with it was she'd made me. I shifted in my seat, my arm gently covering her breasts. Her nipples were like two small nuts sucked clean from their shells, poling out from the satin undershirt beneath her jacket. I watched her close her eyes, saw the minute quiver of those long lashes, watched her sink into the chair. She dropped her hand to her sides, letting me take over.

Her cunt radiated heat, almost more than human. The outline of her lips was clear, swollen tight against the leather of her pants. My thumb burrowed between those lower lips, softly, then harder as she pushed against it, trying to suck me in. She began to circle her own nipple, her mouth parted slightly, the tongue running over the tip of her perfect teeth. Screen music rose all around us. I spread her legs wide, moved my hand up and out of her crotch.

"No," she started to straighten up, "What are you doing?"

Slowly I traced the line from clit to belly, pressing gently into those most sensitive spots. She mouthed a moan, trying to disguise it. My hand traveled higher, finding the closure at the top of her pants. I loosened it, felt the sudden escape of moist heat, the scent that has always been women.

"No, you can't, not here. . . " bur again, she didn't try to stop me. My hand slid down into the loose folds of her second skin. I almost came again at the shock of her softness, the velvet liquid and heat - women have so much beauty - and I was as hard and wet as she.

"I want to feel all of you," she whispered, her face pressed into my breasts then tilted up, her hands pulling me down to listen. She pressed her lips to my forehead, ran her magnificent fingers through my short field of hair. I kissed her. She thrust her tongue fully into my mouth, making sure I understood how she wanted to be taken. I knew. Her

muscles tightened around my hand as I slipped it in her cunt, finger by finger, stifling her gasps against my coat. Her teeth bit into the leather, her hands gripping my shoulders, our love sounds thankfully muffled by an intense chase scene on the screen. I moved faster, my hand like some sea thing, covered by her coming, her pearl of clit rounded, stretched to meet me... I felt her orgasm rise, the muscle of her dancer's legs knot, her breath raspy, her hands clawing me. Suddenly, there was a shuffle to my left. The seat squeaked down.

An old woman, heavy, the smell of popcorn and coffee and fried food trailing in with her, sat down next to me. We were trapped. My hand was buried inside this beautiful stranger, her orgasm irreversible, fused, and trapped now by this woman who blithely folded her scarf and tucked it into her pocket. She couldn't see anything but my back, I'm sure, and I was equally certain she must assume I was a teenaged boy making out with his date. Please, god. I doesn't matter. It was exquisite and terrifying and perversely tender.

I wanted to protect this new lover, to shield her from probing eyes, to cover our passion. Slowly, achingly, I felt her contractions subside. Her breath became regular. She raised her head, smiling, almost shyly. I kissed her gently, whispering about the old woman. The dancer grinned, kept my hand between her thighs, wiggled up and pulled her jacket over her, concealing her act.

"Stay inside me, please," she called quietly into my neck. She suckled there softly, making me throb.

I wanted this woman, wanted to know her out of the darkness, away from strangers; wanted a full bodypress, wanted to hear her calling my name. I closed my eyes.

The old woman munched noisily. It was clear she would camp out till the next show. Carefully I withdrew my hand. The palm came clear of the cave, then the fingers, slick as newborns, back into the light. Her scent was heavy, all musk and amber. I reached down, pried the top from the Coke cup. Scooping out the last of the ice, I brought it up mischievously. A last touch - I pressed the ice and my palm to her fevered cunt. She sat up, gasping, then back, forcing herself to let the delicious sensations flow. The lights came up, the credits rolled. She pulled out her lipstick, dabbing at her mouth.

The old woman turned and smiled at us. "How did you like the picture?"

LETTERS... *(continued from page 5)*

and fantasies. Real lesbians, fantasy lesbians, fat and not-so-fat lesbians, working lesbians, lesbians at play, butch lesbians, femme lesbians, big city, small town and farm lesbians, lesbians who eat meat and lesbians who don't - well, you get my drift. We write the stories, we read them. We own the businesses (or I hope we do!), we edit and publish the magazine, and the contents are by us and about us. They are intended for us.

They are not by, about, or intended for "a true bi" who wants a lover while her husband travels; a hot femme who welcomes "playful and horny" bi's; "Beautiful and Bi . . . a girl and her guy" (My, oh my, what straights wont try, aren't we cutesy-cutesy-pi?); "Dominant-yet-warm bisexuals"; or "Male Slaves" (this one must be truly illiterate).

If you are anything but a lesbian, please buy more appropriate reading material. I really don't buy this magazine to read your ad.

And if you can't survive without crashing this party, then at least know this: when straight/bisexual/"sandwich" people start frequenting lesbian bars, the lesbians begin shopping elsewhere. I suspect that if *On Our Backs* stays crowded by these newcomers, I won't be the only lesbian losing interest.

Besides, real lesbians aren't what you're looking for. There is a world of difference between bisexual and lesbian culture.

So please show some class and go "weasel hump" someone else.

Susan M.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Ed note;

Loved your list of all the different types of lesbians, but one crucial lesbian is missing here: lesbians who fuck men or like an occasional menage a trois. Shocking? Blasphemous? On Our Backs' purpose is to uncover lesbian sexuality, no matter how politically incorrect or upsetting to our notions of 100% pure or "real" we like to think we are. Some lesbians do read and respond to the bi ads. There is usually something in every issue that will push buttons. Whether it's s/m, fat women, dildoes, or bi's, On Our Backs intends to keep pushing those limits in the hopes of fostering understanding on how differently we express ourselves sexually.

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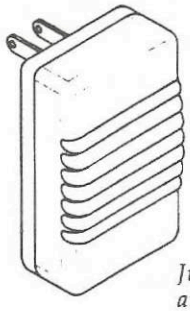

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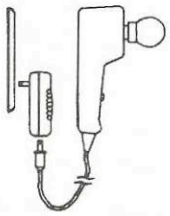

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Lizabeth May, author of the Rosebearer, is a graduate of Oberlin College and the University of Texas. Opera singer and writer, cat lover and lesbian, she loves to fantasize. **Bet Power**, founder of Shelix (a New England woman-to-woman S/M support group) and director of the New Alexandria Lesbian Library, is interested in moving "beyond butch" to F-to-M transvestism. **Lori Ubell** is the real name of a San Francisco writer whose first published piece appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* in 1961. Who knew it would lead to this? **minns'** new novel, *VIRAGO: A Vampire Love Story*, will be coming out from Naiad Press this year. Her current work-in-progress is her third novel, *Out of the Mist*.. Southern Californian photographer, **Anne Appel's** work has appeared in previous issues of *On Our Backs* ,including an honorable mention winning photo in our first photo contest back in 1986. British photographer **Grace Lau's** provocative work has been published everywhere from *Antique Collector* to *Skin Two*. **Nikki Vilna Feist** is a Senior Troublemaker at Weslyan University who has previously written for *Womanews*, *Matrix* and *IAHU*. **Mickey Warnock** writes wild lesbian erotica and will continue to do so until she has covered all aspects of everyday life. **Penny Jerome** has said goodbye to infrared photography and hello to a new Diana camera, the result of which we'll look forward to in upcoming issues . **Louise Rafkin** is putting together a book by children of lesbians but the true focus of her life is her beloved new pet tortoises Sparky and Dot. Cover photographer **Shari Cohen** also has a new addition to her life; her lover and she have a new baby! Cover model Caerage is a pro-sex activist, feminist, stripper and erotic performer. **Laura Brill** has recently become entrenched in Chinese masturbation philosophy and will no longer leave her room. **Ellen Evans** has recently embarked on a career in erotic cheese slicing. **Scooter Smith** is up to no good after returning from a trip to Iceland where she researched the effect of lattitude on the shape of women's breasts. **Marcia Barton** is originally from Maryland but is now living in San Francisco because it beats the hell out of East Coast winters. Honey Lee Cotrell's photos for *Cinema Verite at the York Theater* were made possible by The Red Vic Theater Collective, with special thanks to **Jill Shutts.**

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A journal of woman-to-woman s/m. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Sub: $13/four issues. Single issues $4. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

ETCETERA

Traveling to Atlanta or the Southeast? *ETCETERA*, the Southeast's most widely read weekly magazine is available for only $2.00 per issue. Send to ETC, PO Box 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306.

WICKED WOMEN

Australia's only lesbian porn magazine of diverse perversions for sexually adventurous lesbians. Subscription: $40 for 6 issues, P.O. Box 305 Redfern 2016 Australia.

YONI

Have you been missing something? *Yoni*, the new Lesbian Erotica magazine invites you to discover a feminist approach to the erotic. Sensuous, provocative stories, articles, photography, and graphics . Send check or money order for $4 along with a signed statement that you are over 18, and that you understand you are ordering sexually explicit material to: TigerEye Publishing, P.O. Box 19316, Oakland, CA 94619-0316.

A NEW BEGINNING

Newly formed women's correspondence magazine. Send SASE for information and special introductory offer. P.O. Box 28611, Sacramento, CA 95828-0611.

SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN

The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal tells you how when you're ready to do REAL SM. "Ungendered," for women, men, Lesbian, gay, straight, bi, Top, bottom. Four issues $18 or $6 sample. Checks payable to Desmodus, Inc., P.O. Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

BAD ATTITUDE

A lesbian sex magazine; lewd, lascivious and wonderful. $12 subscription for 3 issues, $4 for back issue. Send check or money order to: Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139

CONDITIONS

conditions is a feminist magazine, with emphasis on writing by lesbians. The *conditions* collective is comprised of editors whose diverse cultural, racial and regional backgrounds reflect the magazine's continuing concern with recording the experiences and viewpoints of women of color, lesbians, working class, older and disabled women. $24 subscription for 3 issues, $8.95 for single issue. Checks payable to *conditions*, P.O. Box 150056, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, New York 11215-0001

APAEROS

Reader-written forum about sex, erotica, relationships (het, lesbian, gay), nudism, turn-ons, disease and rape prevention, etc. For sharing knowledge, feelings, questions, stories, drawings. Ready-to-copy pages published unedited. Offered to adults only. For sample issue send $2 and SASE. Kathe and John Burt, 960 SW Jefferson Ave., Corvallis, Oregon 97333.

MATRICES

Matrices is a networking newsletter for lesbians doing research and scholarship of importance to other lesbians. We believe that Matrices provides a vital link in the worldwide project of lesbian inquiry and information sharing. 1 yr. (3 issues) $5 U.S., $9.50 foreign. 2 yrs $9.50 U.S., $13.50 foreign. Matrices, Womens Studies, 492 Ford Hall, 224 Church St. SE, Minneapolis MN 55455.

PERSONALS

ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Attractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send photo. Box 456.

HOT HORNY LETTERS WANTED

Hot and horny lesbian would like to exchange erotic dirty letters. You tell your fantasy, and I tell mine! Anything goes! Photo is nice, but not required. Box 495.

SEEKING SEX SLAVE

Have you read the Throne Trilogy? Can you be like Sanji? Can you be obedient and please your mistress thoroughly, by enduring T/T, anal abuse, fisting, whippings, testing your limits, licking your mistress for hours and more? If the answer is "yes, mistress," send phone number, photo (nude preferred) and a detailed letter that you think will gain my masterful attention. Safe, clean, discreet lesbians only! San Jose area. Box 496.

BUTCH OF CENTER?

Are you sturdy, stocky, hale and hardy? Full of fun, like to party? Into trips to the country? Redwoods, beaches and hot tubs? Over 40 and under 5'8"? I am Libra, femme of center, nonsmoker, 48, 5'3", 110 lbs. I can offer modest accommodations and entertainment. Will answer all. P.O. Box 1567, Mendocino, CA 95460.

TWO MARRIED FUN FEMMES

Southern California monogamous gay couple seeks happy and healthy lezzies to share fun and possibly each other. Box 498.

LOOKING FOR GRATUITOUS SEX

Is there something that turns you on in practically every lesbian you meet? Do you find yourself looking for a full moon every night? Do you like butches, femmes, and androgens of all colors, shapes and sizes? If you can relate, let's get together and have a good (safe) time! I'm big and good-looking and I like to give and receive, especially f-f. I'd love to tell you my other specialties, but a woman has to keep some mystery! No drugs, no S/M. San Francisco. Box 499.

CAN YOU TAKE A LICKING

And keep on ticking? Can your bottom survive being flattened by a paddle? Can you withstand the pressure of restraints? Can you endure being submerged in the darkness of a blindfold? Can you take the sharp edges of humiliation? do you want a top you can trust? I can take you to the edge and respect your limits. San Francisco Bay Area. Box 500.

BLACK AND CHROME

The smell of warm leather, you stop in your tracks and look up, arms and boots crossed leaning on the motorcycle. I am watching you - have you met your match? How will you meet the challenge? Box 501.

INEXPERIENCED YOUNG LADY

Seeking to explore her sexuality desires correspondence, photos and meetings. Available for travel. Box 502.

OOOH! AAAH!

Sophisticated rubensesque San

Classifieds

Francisco femme is looking for the same to share city delights, fireside nights and savor unlimited pleasures. Yoo-hoo, where are you? Will travel No. California. Box 504.

WOMEN WANTED FOR STUDY

We are a group of women working on a study of female sexuality. If you identified as lesbian for 5+ years and now identify as lesbian, bisexual, or straight, and are willing to participate, call Laura at (415) 695-7821, or write: Study, 1032 Irving, Box 443, San Francisco, CA 94122.

MENAGE-A-TROIS

Bi-sexual woman and her straight lover wish to meet another bi-woman to share our fantasy. Light bondage, oral sex, and intercourse. Join us! P. O. Box 300755, Denver, CO 80203.

TAWNY FELINE TOP - PROVINCETOWN

. . . seeks those who appreciate the structure of control, built bodies, the unquestionable power of butch and lithe hedonism. I am a domesticated blonde pet who desires to play; promise to sheath claws. Box 507.

HOT IN CALIFORNIA

Sunny Southern California hot dominant blonde femme seeks submissives, especially butch type for heated encounters heading towards long term relationship. Photo/phone. P.O. Box 69A120, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

GWF 28 seeks dominant/submissive for pen pal, possible meeting. . . then who knows? Motorcycle owners a plus - Harley owners especially! Box 509.

SEEKING FRIENDS AND ?

Extremely cute, tall, athletic, mildly dominant, soft butch, seeks friends and those who might want more. If you're ultra-femme, under 35, somewhat bold and brash - always beautiful. I'd love to hear from you. Photo a plus. Box 510.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)
2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

GOLDEN SHOWER GIRLS

Lovely, young, sleek, stylish, meticulously clean, lipstick-lesbian femme, desires the rich enjoyment of sharing the "glorious, golden elixir with other like-minded GWF ladies who appreciate this incredibly intense, exciting "number one" turn on. Travel or host. Your photo gets mine. Box 514.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Karyn Beth, you satisfy my every secret desire. You have brought me years of happiness. I love being with you - traveling the world over as we do, dressing and undressing you in leather. While I hate commuting to North Dakota every two weeks, the anticipation of seeing you fills me with desire and new fantasy. Each time I overpower you our lifelong bonds are strengthened. You belong to me. Come with me to Sweden in May - Let's get married. I love you! Sharon.

DYKES TAKE NOTICE

This sultry tigress-in-heat needs a horny dyke to tame her sexual, hyper, dry humping by way of some frantic fucking sessions. Box 515.

UTAH: SLENDER ROOMATE WANTED

W/F 24 yr. cute, horny 5'2" 115 lbs. needs desires same friendship, sex. Smaller tits please! Write and send nude photo gets mine love to party! Box 516.

PHILADELPHIA BUTCH

Experienced, young, 5'3", muscular Black looking for attractive femme to wine and dine. Please identify quickly, very lonely. Box 517.

LOOKING

Attractive, GWF, 27, would love to hear from other lesbians seriously interested in romance with possible relationship. If you enjoy wining and dining, warm passionate sex, animals and the outdoors, I'd like to hear from you. Box 518.

SOUTHERN NOVICE BOTTOM

Surely there are S/M dykes in the south. I'm a novice but very eager masochist who wants a butch top to open me up to her control. I'm waiting for you. Box 519.

I WANT PIERCED NIPPLES!

With any project, I investigate first, then act. I need your help. Send me your information. Why did you choose this? Where are the WImmin that do this for a living? Who did your piercings? How long do they remain sore? How does one prevent infection? What does this cost? Box 520.

ON YOUR KNEES

I want a woman who will be my submissive. I am 25 w/ brown hair and eyes, 5'5". Any age, size, + race. Know that you must be willing to satisfy me. Box 521.

WANTED: FRENETIC MONS GRINDER

Insatiable, sexually barbaric GWF is lusting for sweaty dyke athletes, pumped up bristling body-builders, and handsome, hot women in uniform to quell the ache in my loins and soften my perpetually erect clit. Serious replies only to Box 522.

BI/GAY FEMALE BODY-BUILDERS

Would like to hear from bi or gay females into bodybuilding and/or body structuring with the possibility of forming a club for same. Box 523.

DESPERATELY SEEKING FUN

Attractive slim professional Late 30's New York top (Queens) in a momogamous relationship seeks attractive slim bottom in a monogamous relationship to have a secret illicit love affair. Box 524.

VIVACIOUS TEXAS FEMALE

Wild, warm, wise & weaned! Needs contact with kinky counterpart. Into bondage, toys, leather, lace, oral (very oral), anal. Loves being submissive sex slave to right Dom. Use me, make me please you. All answered! I'm wet, hot and horny but selective. Box 525.

LOTUS FOOT LOVE

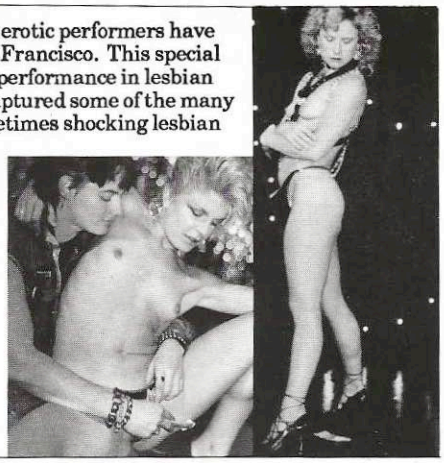
Explore the use of the nyloned foot in safe sex play in a Lesbian Relationship. Also exchange photos, videos, ideas about female domination and foot fetish. Write Box 526.

DYKE WRITER SEEKS PEN PALS

NYC - based aspiring lesbian novelist seeks pen pals. I am happily involved, but want to meet friendly dykes from everywhere to correspond and share our imaginations. Age unimportant. No drug/alcohol dependents need respond. Write on! Box 527.

LESBIAN SEX VIDEOS

For three years, from July 1984-1987, nearly 100 erotic performers have danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This special and unique show, surely the longest running live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. Fatale Video has captured some of the many exciting moments of this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. A great party tape! (90 min)



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CLIPS

Five women invite you for a walk on the wild side! Explore self love and anal pleasure with Greta; scarf play, oral and safe sex with Coca Jo and Houlihan; female ejaculation and triba - dism with Fanny and Kenni. The most exciting video yet from Fatale.

PRIVATE PLEASURES

Home alone, Asian beauty Mariko has some intimate fun watching her VCR, on which Terri and Caerage star in an elegant and passionate seduction scene set in a romantic penthouse suite. (30 min)

FATALE
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Video

SHADOWS

In Shadows, Terri and Caerage star in a leather lust scene, enjoying the unique playfulness and intensity that is lesbian s/m. (30 min)

To order by mail, please complete this form and return it along with your check, money order or credit card information to:
FATALE VIDEO, 526 CASTRO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

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